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SHAKESPEARE'S CORIOLANUS



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FROM



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ARE SUITORS TO YOU."

SHAKESPEARE'S CORIOLANUS.

WITH
NOTES, EXAMINATION PAPERS, AND PLAN
OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)



By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.,

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," a "Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English" and "Higher Lessons in English," etc., etc.

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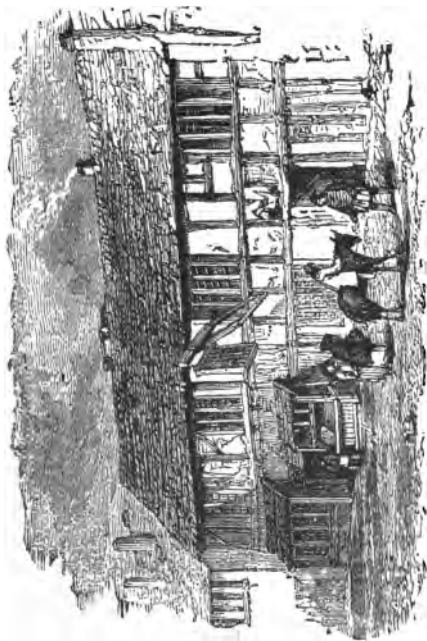
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used ; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors have been freely incorporated, and we have not hesitated to make many suggestions ourselves.

B. K.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a drawing by J. W. Archer.

GENERAL NOTICE.

"AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

"The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course, the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

"Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare's meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a*. The teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and for-

mal English of modern times a large number of pithy and vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight.”—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., *Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.*

Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abysm of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after '*I ought*,' inserted after '*I durst*;' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all." — Dr. Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar*.

Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *blank verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *rhythmical*. In blank verse the lines consist usually of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth,

eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented syllable followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought | you said | you nei | ther lend | nor bor | row.*"

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the | young suck' | ing cubs' | from the' | she bear'.*" |

(c) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me | the right' | of vol'- | un-ta' | ry choos' | ing.*"

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says | he does, | be-ing then | most flat | ter-ed.*"

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY
FOR
‘PERFECT POSSESSION.’

To attain to the standard of ‘Perfect Possession,’ the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

- (a) The general plot ;
- (b) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.

3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A ;
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

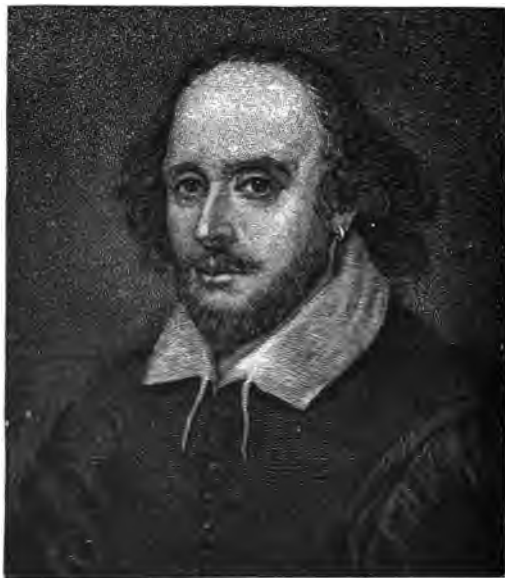
- (a) Meanings of words ;
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning ;
- (c) Grammar ;
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce or Quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion ;
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B ;
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture ;
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion ;
- (b) To cap a line ;
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION.

BEYOND the fact that *Coriolanus* was first published in the folio of 1623, we have no certainty to go upon ; but evidence derived from style and meter, and perhaps from certain allusions, points to a period between 1608 and 1610 as the probable date of its composition.

Roman history as told in Plutarch's Biographies is followed closely by Shakespeare, though in some places he transposes the order of events. And not only has he followed this narrative with great fidelity, but in many passages we have almost the very language of North's translation. This is conspicuously the case in that portion of the narrative corresponding with Act v. 3. 94-148, where Volumnia is pleading with her son to spare Rome.

Outline of the Play.—In the opening scene, the Roman populace, whom a dearth of corn is threatening with starvation, are in open mutiny against the governing powers, the special object of their hatred being Caius Marcius, a haughty patrician, who has counseled the Senate against listening to their prayers for relief. On him they now prepare to take vengeance ; and, assembling in great crowds, are about to force their way to

the Capitol when Menenius Agrippa, formerly consul, comes upon the scene and endeavors to reason with them. His efforts have little success, and he is about to abandon the attempt, when he is joined by Marcius, who, with bitter invectives against the mob, informs him that the Senate has sanctioned the election of five tribunes to represent the popular interests. At this moment come tidings that the Volscians, neighbors and ancient enemies of the Romans, are in arms for an invasion. To meet them, Cominius and Titus Lartius are chosen generals, Marcius being given a command under the former ; and the army marches for Corioli. Hearing that the Volscians are flocking from all parts to defend this, their chief city, Cominius divides his forces, leaving it to Lartius and Marcius to carry on the siege, while he himself goes to meet the approaching succors. The first attempt made upon Corioli is a failure, the Romans being beaten back to their trenches. On the second attack Marcius, heading his troops, drives the Volscians home to their walls, and forces his way within the gates. His troops, however, refuse to follow, and after fighting single-handed for some time against overwhelming numbers, Marcius is obliged to make his way out again. A third time the assault is delivered, and now the city is taken and held by the Romans. But Marcius has not yet had enough of fighting. With a portion of the troops under him, he sets out to the assistance of Cominius, who is being hard pressed, and encountering Aufidius, the Volscian general, puts him to flight with those who come to his aid. Shortly afterwards Marcius and

Cominius are rejoined by Lartius, who has left a force to hold Corioli, and Marcius for his exploits is rewarded by Cominius with the title of Coriolanus. The second Act brings us back to Rome, where Menenius, Marcius's oldest and most devoted friend, is in converse with the two tribunes of the people, Brutus and Sicinius. As Menenius, after expressing his opinion of their character and conduct in outspoken terms of condemnation, is about to leave them, Marcius's mother and wife, with their friend Valeria, come upon the scene with the news of the expected return of the victorious army, and this is shortly followed by the entry of the generals with Marcius wearing the chaplet of oak leaves, the Victoria Cross of a Roman hero. On their departure to the Capitol, where Marcius's triumph is to be ratified, the envious tribunes discuss his chances of election to the consulship, the highest civic dignity in Rome, and plot to stir up the citizens against him. At the Capitol, Cominius delivers a harangue in eulogy of Marcius, and the Senators determine to recommend him to the people for the consulship. To obtain this it is a recognized custom that the candidate should stand for an appointed period in the forum, or market-place, to solicit the votes of the people. This goes greatly against the grain with Marcius, and it is with a very ill grace that he submits himself to it. The people, however, enthusiastic at his exploits, promise him their votes; and the tribunes, disgusted at the facility with which they have been won over, at once begin to tamper with them with a view to their refusing confirmation of

the election when the proper time should come for that confirmation to be sought. Moreover, knowing that, so long as Marcius can restrain himself from any outbreak of his haughty scorn, the people, awed by his grandeur of character, will probably shrink from crossing him, they contrive, when he is on the way to seek the required confirmation, so to sting his pride that he bursts out into a torrent of invective against the tribunes themselves and those whom they represent. Then, under the pretense that he has spoken treason of the people, they order the ædiles to arrest him; and, on the entry of the rabble, decree his death. As the ædiles advance to seize him, Marcius draws his sword, and with the help of his friends quickly puts to flight the tribunes and their following. On his leaving the scene, the mob reassemble, and stirred by the tribunes into further frenzy, determine to have their revenge. Meanwhile Marcius, yielding to the persuasions of his mother and his patrician friends, promises to conciliate the people so far as lies in his power; and going again to the forum, which they have thronged in greater numbers than ever, begins his address temperately enough. This of course is by no means what the tribunes desire. They therefore set themselves to provoke him, and at the word "traitor" cast in his teeth by Sicinius, all prudential resolutions are thrown to the winds, and Marcius turns upon his persecutors with tenfold fury. Relying on the force at their back, the tribunes now pronounce sentence of banishment. The cry is taken up by the mob, and Marcius, deserted by the nobles, has to yield to his fate. On his departure, peace for a

time prevails, the tribunes congratulate themselves upon their strategy, and boast that there is no fear of Marcius's being brought back by any efforts of his friends. Their rejoicing is not to be of long duration. Marcius has gone to Corioli, where he offers his former foe, Aufidius, to join him in an invasion of the Roman territory. This offer is at once accepted, and a force quickly raised, with Marcius and Aufidius in joint command. When the news reaches Rome, the tribunes, who are still pluming themselves so complacently, are seized with a panic, in which the patricians partly share. To raise any sufficient army on so short a notice is impossible, and nothing seems left but to supplicate Marcius's mercy. Cominius, his old commander, bound to him by ties of friendship no less than of perils shared together, is sent in embassy to plead for Rome. His reception is stony-hearted disdain ; and his return sends the chill of despair to the hearts of those who had hoped so much from such an envoy. Even Menenius, who speaks of himself as Marcius's father, and whose devotion was almost idolatry, now shrinks from the task of mediation. Yet to the general entreaty he at length yields in the hope that he may find Marcius in a more placable mood. The result is none other than had attended Cominius's efforts, though love for the old man makes Marcius's refusal somewhat less ungracious. To further embassies, however, he declares that he will hereafter lend no ear. But the words are scarcely uttered when an embassy undreamt of comes to test his firmness. Attired in mourning garments, the mother whose proud joy he has ever

been, his wife loved with such tender devotion, his young son, his wife's friend Valeria, widow of Publicola, one of Rome's noblest heroes,—make a last intercession for their country. Against their desperation of entreaty Marcius struggles to steel himself in panoply of threefold sternness; to thrust from him kinship, patriotism, love; to nurse his desire for revenge; to hold fast to the oath by which he has bound himself to his present masters, the Volscians. The struggle is vain. Volumnia's appeal sweeps everything before it, and Rome is saved. That his yielding will be fatal to himself he has a quick presentiment,—a presentiment to be fulfilled all too soon. But, granting such terms as his country may joyfully accept and as the Volscians, he hopes, will not consider unworthy to be offered, Marcius returns to Corioli to render account of his actions to those whose servant he still is. Whatever hope, however, he had of being able to justify himself, he would have laid aside all hope of life if he could have guessed the implacable hatred with which his late successes had filled the heart of his ancient foe, Aufidius. That the Volscian had been sincere in the welcome he gave Marcius when tendering his services against Rome there need be no doubt. But Aufidius had not for a moment dreamed that in associating Marcius with himself in command he was taking the surest way to eclipse his own fame. When that knowledge comes to him, all nobility of feeling at once gives way, and he determines upon Marcius's assassination. The opportunity quickly offers itself in Marcius's appearance before the Volscian Senate; and, while yet Rome

is rejoicing in the deliverance granted to it, the captor of Corioli, stabbed to death by hired ruffians, perishes within its walls.

The Scope of the Play and the Character of Coriolanus.—It has been supposed by some that in *Coriolanus* the leading thought of the poet is a purely political one, and that we have here an exposition of Shakespeare's political faith. This appears to be a complete inversion of his method. It is true, no doubt, that in plays which turn upon political issues Shakespeare's leanings may in some measure be seen, and that in *Coriolanus* those leanings are not towards democracy. But that he here or anywhere preached a political doctrine I disbelieve as entirely as I disbelieve that he ever preached a moral doctrine. A moral is of course to be found in all his plays, as it is to be found in all stories of human action. But it is there because the poet taking certain characters and certain incidents, whether from history, fiction, or his own imagination, shows us dramatically how those characters would act amidst those incidents ; not because he has chosen those characters and incidents to illustrate a particular theory whether of ethics or of politics. In the present instance history is at hand with an outline of striking incidents, and characters strong in their individuality,—in other words, with a subject eminently capable of dramatic handling. Shakespeare's tribunes are the tribunes of Plutarch, his hero Plutarch's hero, but with their souls laid bare, the working of their minds manifested in words as in actions. The play has in fact nothing more of set political purpose than *The Tempest* or *Cymbeline*.

"The subject of Coriolanus," says Dowden, "is the ruin of a noble life through the sin of pride"; or perhaps we might say of pride and selfishness. A great though far from flawless soul is brought in contact with mighty events, and the necessary results of position, nature, and training develop themselves. Born of a haughty race, inheriting from his mother an inflexible spirit, Coriolanus is from his earliest youth sedulously tutored in the belief that military glory is the noblest aim of life, that arrogance to his inferiors is a birthright, and almost a virtue. Splendid and early successes, fully recognized alike by high and low, have hardened the inborn pride and selfishness of his nature, while no check to the supremacy of his class has come to teach him the necessity of prudence and moderation. Thus, when he first appears before us, the attitude of his mind is one of fierce astonishment that such scum as the people should dare to complain even when starvation is staring them in the face. Rather than give them relief, he would meet their demand by wholesale butchery, and see the city unroofed ere any privilege of appeal through representatives of their own should be conceded by the patricians. That of creatures like these he should have to ask a favor is to him a deep humiliation; that they should insist on the exercise of any rights is something monstrous. In war they are scarcely better than beasts of burden; in times of peace, mere machines for the use and convenience of the nobles. So towering is his arrogance that he utterly fails to see the dangers he is bringing down upon his own caste; so overweening his selfishness, and so vindic-

tive his hatred, that to avenge his own wrongs he will call in to the destruction of his country the very foes whose conquest had won him his chief title to fame. That the tribunes were but self-seeking demagogues is true enough. That the people showed themselves fickle is of course patent. But the triumph of the former was rendered possible by nothing else than his own infatuation; the defection of the latter was courted by his cynicism. A very small stretch of good-will towards them would have earned for him an idolatry as ungrudging as that with which he was regarded by the patricians. Yet, with all his faults, his virtues were conspicuous. His services to his country had been many and great. In him heroism and daring were surpassed not even by the demi-gods of Greece. To his freedom from the vice which especially tainted the whole body of patricians, the vice of grasping avarice, even the people he so hated bear willing witness. His generosity of nature shows itself in his refusal to enrich himself with the spoils of war that are sought to be thrust upon him; his tenderness of heart, in the remembrance of the old man of Corioli in whose house he had found shelter, and in the consideration which would soften his rejection of Menenius's prayer; his modesty, in the aversion which ever shrank from all public eulogy; his warmth of affection, by his devotion to his mother and his wife. So endowed, he might not only have wielded unique power but wielded it to the highest interests of his country, if his nobility had not been neutralized by a pride Titanic in its measure, the source of his strength converted into the source of his

weakness. That in the end he should so far get the better of it as to sacrifice himself for his country which he had served so well and served so ill shows him to us in a light which somewhat obscures the dark spots that must ever rest upon his name and fame.

Menenius.—If, in the case of Coriolanus, Shakespeare had only to infuse with dramatic life and motion the statue molded in such full proportions by Plutarch, Menenius is a creation entirely his own. As in so many others of his plays when working upon a plot already at hand, the poet felt the necessity of relieving the tragic intensity by some character capable of humorous development ; and of such a character he found the germ, and only the germ, in Plutarch's words that Menenius was one of "the pleasantest old men " deputed by the Senate to reason with the plebeians. Described by himself, in his first colloquy with the tribunes, he is of a quick temper, outspoken when provoked, and, like many men of such disposition, fond of his joke, and convivial of habit. Such bitterness as he displays is reserved for the self-seeking, unscrupulous demagogues. Towards the people his attitude is genial and neighborly, though he does not hesitate to chastise their faults, or to point his truths with quiet sarcasm. That he is a favorite with them, and also has their respect, is evident in the opening Scene ; and his language, in such marked contrast with the passionate vituperation of Coriolanus, is almost sympathetic. He will at all events reason with them as human beings whose instincts are not wholly beyond the reach of argument, instead of crying aloud for their wholesale destruction as noxious

animals. In the bitter contest into which Coriolanus plunges with headstrong violence, Menenius is all for moderation. Proud as he is of his hero's exploits, and loving him as he does with almost fatherly affection, he is just as anxious to temper the insolence of his pride as to rebuke the malevolent incitements which the tribunes use to render all reconciliation impossible. "On both sides more respect" in his mouth means a reality; and, even when the turn in affairs would admit of his triumphing over those to whose machinations the abject condition of Rome is due, his taunts, not more bitter than events justify, are mingled with reproaches of himself and his fellow-patricians for their desertion of Coriolanus in his hour of need. It is to him that in their common trouble the tribunes turn for intercession with Coriolanus, instinctively feeling that, if the danger is to be averted at all, no other mediator will find his way to that stubborn heart. Sadly the old man complies, endeavoring to buoy himself up with the hope—so natural in one of his temperament—that, if Coriolanus can be taken when he has well dined, he may prove more pliant than he had shown himself to Cominius's entreaties. The failure in his mission is pathetic; and, when shortly afterwards the object of his fond idolatry perishes a stranger in the land which he had conquered, we may be sure that for that loving soul

"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of."

Volumnia.—A Roman matron, of the old aristocracy, Volumnia is the very impersonation of patrician and

family pride. Before all things, her son must be brought up to maintain the traditions of his caste and to see in heroic exploits the highest perfection of a noble nature. Other mothers might cherish an only child with a tender care, watchful against all evils likely to befall. To her conception, the truest love is shown in fashioning her son for the stern rigors of warfare, and in making her praise the constant spur to sublimer disregard of personal safety. "Fond of no second brood," she "clucks him to the war," and boasts that had she a dozen sons, each as dear as Marcius, she would rather that eleven of them should "die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action." To the more tender-natured wife, the dread that he may return wounded from the war is ever present with crushing weight; to the mother, wounds more become a man "than gilt his trophy"; and she would scarcely greet her son with a full heart if he brought not back such tokens of his worthiness. Though desirous that he should obtain the civic honor of the consulship, that desire seems to be less on account of the office itself than of the recognition it involves, of his glorious deeds; and, when, in the conflict which ensues, she counsels moderation, it probably is more because she cannot endure that any ambition of his should be thwarted than because a peaceful dignity has much value in her eyes. Her boundless contempt for the people she will veil for the occasion rather than that his enemies should triumph, and she even stoops to advocate the practice of a simulation which for any other purpose she would have thought unworthy of herself and him.

When, foiled by his obstinacy and passion, she has to contemplate the wreck of all her ambitious hopes, life has no further joy for her, and she retires to eat out her heart in fruitless anger. But the time is at hand when she must make choice between her country and her son ; and, in the conflict between her maternal and her patriotic instincts, the latter win the day. Nor, though warned by her son that his yielding to her prayer will probably be fatal to him, does she hesitate to accept the sacrifice ; it is better that he should die, though with him died all that made her life, than that Rome should be dishonored, and dishonored by him who had been its chiefest glory. Junius Brutus could condemn his own sons to death for treachery to their country, and with no less of Roman fortitude Volumnia prefers, if need be, to face a like bereavement. The people built a temple to Fortune to commemorate her patriotism, but her monument is the memory of all time.

The Tribunes and the People.—In his portraiture of the people Shakespeare has been charged with undue severity ; but it can hardly be said that to the tribunes he has meted out more than their measure. Though, from the necessity of the case, their factious arts are brought out more prominently than in Plutarch's narrative, the poet has not traveled beyond the record before him ; nor, though he had, could it be imputed to him for blame if for dramatic purposes he had ascribed to them qualities and devices with which the history of his own country had made him familiar. Even against the people the worst charges that he brings are those of fickleness

and passionate enmity towards the patricians, an enmity for which they could plead substantial grounds, and of which Coriolanus by his uncompromising hostility had made himself the special mark. That in spite of such hostility they should so plainly have recognized his deserts as to choose him consul is evidence clear enough that they were alive to the nobility of heroic deeds, even if they had not sufficient magnanimity, when cajoled by their leaders and flouted by him who needed their support, to resist the temptation of taking away with one hand what they had given with the other. Roman history by no means represents the people as at any period very august or very wise ; nor were the annals of his own country, or the experience of his own times, such as to fill the poet with any great reverence for the democratic spirit. It is one thing to have little sympathy with the rabble, another to allow that insufficiency to distort the judgment ; and, if Shakespeare is chargeable with being, as Hartley Coleridge said, " a Tory and a gentleman," *Coriolanus* can hardly be cited as proof of anything ungenerous in such a combination.

Contemporary History.—Though *Coriolanus* does not strictly follow the course of Roman history, it will perhaps help towards its understanding if a brief sketch be given of the state of political parties at the time of its action. During the earlier days of the monarchy, which lasted till B.C. 510, the plebeians were little better than serfs ; and, though Servius Tullus, the sixth king, gave a new constitution to the state, under which they obtained political independence, their condition, so far as power was concerned, was but little improved. But

with the abolition of the monarchy, and the substitution of two consuls, or chief magistrates, the community gained the right of annually designating its rulers, and the political prerogatives of the public assembly, hitherto monopolized by the patricians, were transferred to the assembled levy of those bound to military service, among whom of course were included the plebeians. But, even when enrolled as burgesses in the register of the curies, or electoral bodies, the plebeians were far from being on a footing of legal equality with the patricians. These naturally enough used every effort to maintain their supremacy, but they acted with a short-sighted policy which was certain sooner or later to bring the two parties into collision, a collision which the superior numbers and the increasing wealth of the plebeians could not but make dangerous in the extreme. The actual cause, however, which led to a rupture, bringing with it such wide consequences, was not a political but a social one. Burdened by the laws of debt, the farmers, who were especially affected by them, refused to take the field when called upon to serve against the Volscians, B.C. 495; and, so pressing was the emergency that the consul, Publius Servilius, was obliged to suspend the laws and liberate those confined to prison. The war over, and the Romans victorious, Servilius's colleague on the return of the troops sent back to prison those who had been liberated, and enforced the laws of debt with merciless severity. The following year, on a renewal of the war, a second refusal to serve was the natural consequence. After a time, however, trusting to the good-will in their be-

half of the Dictator, Manius Valerius, the farmers gave way, and the levies proceeding to the war again proved victorious over the Volscians. On their return to Rome, Valerius, true to the confidence which had been placed in him, submitted his proposals in favor of the suffering plebeians, but was met by the Senate with obstinate opposition. As soon as this refusal came to the knowledge of the army, instead of disbanding, it marched under the command of its military tribunes to a hill between the Tiber and the Anio, afterwards called Mons Sacer, the sacred mount; and there encamping, threatened to establish in this, the most fertile part of the Roman territory, a new plebeian city. Their secession brought even the most obstinate of the patricians to their senses, and by the instrumentality of the Dictator terms were arranged which secured redress of the worst grievances in regard to debt. But the most important result was the passing of a law appointing two plebeian tribunes. The powers of these officers within the city were on an equality with the ordinary civil powers of office exercised by the consuls. Among these powers was the right of canceling any command of a magistrate, by which the person affected felt himself aggrieved, by means of a protest personally tendered; the right of enabling any one bound to military service to withhold himself from the levy; the right of preventing or canceling the arrest of a debtor or his imprisonment during investigation; and other powers of a like sort. Further, in virtue of their judicial office, they could summon before them any citizen, whatever his rank, have him seized if he

should refuse to come, imprison him during investigation of the charge against him, and punish him with a fine or, in the more heinous cases, with death. With this co-ordinate jurisdiction, the tribunes acquired the further rights of initiating legislation, and of taking a vote of the people in confirmation of their sentences, or of proposals brought forward by them. Such resolves of the people (*plebiscita*) were not strictly valid decrees, though they afterwards came to have that force. The tribunes therefore acted as a protection for individuals and as managers and leaders of the collective body ; and the power wielded by them led to a prolonged conflict between the patricians and the plebeians, the object of the former being to abolish the tribunate, of the latter to restrict the consular powers. It was during the early days of this conflict, though four years after the secession to Mons Sacer and the appointment of the tribunes, that Coriolanus, indignant at the refusal of the consulship, proposed the suspension of the sales of corn from the state-stores until the people should be starved into abandoning the tribunate, and, being impeached by the tribunes, had to flee the city.

Duration of the Action.—The period embraced by Plutarch's narrative is from B.C. 494 to B.C. 490.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants
to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli and
the neighborhood; Antium.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

10

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority sur-

feits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they reliev'd us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not
20 in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

First Cit. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though
30 soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts with-

in.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

40

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MĒNENIUS AGRIPPA.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak,
I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor 50
suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends,
mine honest neighbors,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift
them

Against the Roman state, whose course
60 will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand
curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the
dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help.
Alack,

You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you
slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you
like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

70 *First Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed,
they ne'er car'd for us yet: suffer us to
famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with
grain; make edicts for usury, to support
usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act
establish'd against the rich, and provide
more piercing statutes daily to chain up
and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us
not up, they will; and there's all the love
they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you

80 A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir : yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale : but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the
body's members
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing 90
Like labor with the rest, where th' other
instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind
of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even
thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied 100
To th' discontented members, the mutinous
parts

That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer ?
What !

The kingly-crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The counselor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?
110 'Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then?
what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly
be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did
complain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small—of what you've
little—

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's
answer.

First Cit. Ye're long about it.

Men. Note me this,
good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth
120 he,

"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o'
the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves and small inferior
veins

From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : and, though that all at
once,

You, my good friends,"—this says the belly,
mark me,— 130

First Cit. Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. " Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you
to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer : how apply
you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good
belly,
And you the mutinous members ; for, ex-
amine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things
rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall
find 140

No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do
you think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe ! why the great
toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest,
basest, poorest

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
most:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
150 Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you
dissentious rogues

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye
will flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one
affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts
160 to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offense subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that de-
pends

Upon your favors swims with fins of lead, 170
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang
ye ! Trust ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's
the matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another ? What's their
seeking ?

Men. For corn at their own rates ; where-
of, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em ! " They say ! " 180
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol ; who 's like to
rise,
Who thrives and who declines ; side fac-
tions, and give out
Conjectural marriages ; making parties
strong
And feebling such as stand not in their lik-
ing
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there
's grain enough !

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry

With thousands of these quarter'd slaves,
as high
190 As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly
persuaded ;

For, though abundantly they lack discre-
tion,

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I be-
seech you,

What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolved : hang 'em !
They said they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs
must eat,

That meat was made for mouths, that the
gods sent not

Corn for the rich men only : with these
shreds

They vented their complainings ; which
being answer'd,

200 And a petition granted them, a strange one—

To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale—they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'
the moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them ?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice : one is Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath !

The rabble should have first unroof'd the
city
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater
themes 210
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : what's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in
arms.

Mar. I 'm glad on 't : then we shall ha'
means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
Senators ; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you
have lately told us ;

The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility ; 220

And, were I any thing but what I am,
I 'd wish me only he.

Com. You 've fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th'
ears and he

Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus'
230 face.

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'
other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred !

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol ;
where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius ; we must follow
you ;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius !

First Sen. [*To the Citizens.*] Hence to
your homes ; be gone !

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volsces have much corn ; take these
rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful muti-
ners,

240 Your valor puts well forth : pray, follow.

[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but
Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Sic. Was ever a man so proud as is this
Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for
the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to
gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! he
is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the
shadow 250

Which he treads on at noon: but I do won-
der

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well grac'd, can not
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he per-
form

To th' utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "Oh, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well, 260
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all
his faults

To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what
fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,

And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state
That could be brought to bodily act ere
Rome

Had circumvention? 'T is not four days
gone

Since I heard thence; these are the words:
I think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is.

[*Reads*] "They've press'd a power, but it is
not known

Whether for east or west : the dearth is
great ; 10
The people mutinous ; and it is rumor'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,—
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent : most likely 't is for you :
Consider of it."

First Sen. Our army's in the field :
We never yet made doubt but Rome was
ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretenses veil'd till
when 20
They needs must show themselves ; which
in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the dis-
covery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which
was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; hie you to your
bands :

Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll
find

They 've not prepar'd for us.

Auf.

Oh, doubt not that, 30

I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honors safe!

First Sen. Farewell!

Sec. Sen. Farewell!

All. Farewell! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Rome. A room in Marcius's house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honor than in the embracements where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way, when for an hour of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him a day from her beholding, I—considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not

stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had prov'd himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, 20 I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:

“Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome :” his
bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
goes,

Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no
blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a
man

Than gilt his trophy : the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not
lovelier

Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth
blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Va-
leria

40 We're fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heaven bless my lord from fell
Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his
knee

And tread upon his neck.

*Enter VALERIA, with an Usher and Gentle-
woman.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you're manifest
housekeepers.

What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in
good faith.

How does your little son?

50

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and, when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear 60 it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll 70 not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labor, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of
81 moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

90 *Vir.* Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, too she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum,
and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in
10 work

That we with smoking swords may march
from hence

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow
thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators
with others, on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you
less than he,

That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*]
Hark! our drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We 'll break
our walls

Rather than they shall pound us up: our
gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd
with rushes;

They 'll open of themselves. [*Alarum
afar off.*] Hark you, far off!

There is Aufidius; list, what work he
20 makes

Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they 're at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.
Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their
city.

Now put your shields before your hearts,
and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus :
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows :
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light
on you,
You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils ³⁰
and plagues
Plaster you o'er that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of
geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you
run
From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto
and hell !
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear ! Mend and
charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you : look to 't :
come on ; ⁴⁰
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their
wives,

As they us to our trenches followèd.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope : now prove good seconds :

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[Enters the gates.]

First Sol. Fool-hardiness ; not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I. *[Marcius is shut in.]*

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.
[Alarum continues.]

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,

50 With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd-to their gates : he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art
left, Marcius :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a
soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks
and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
world
Were feverous and did tremble. 60

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the
enemy.*

First Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

Oh, 't is Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V. *Corioli. A street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on 't ! I took
this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a
trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers that do prize
their hours

At a crack'd drachma ! Cushions, leaden
spoons,

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen
would

Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down
with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes!
To him!

10 There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus,
take

Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit,
will haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you
well:

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

20 *Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms

Misguide th' opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, fare-
well.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!

[*Exit Marcius.*]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,

Where they shall know our mind : away !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Near the camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends : well
fought ; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we 've
heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own
That both our powers, with smiling fronts
encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news ?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd, 10
And given to Lartius and to Martius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long
is 't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile ; briefly we heard
their drums :

How couldst thou in a mile confound an
hour,

And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces

Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel

20 Three or four miles about, else had I, sir,

Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder.

That does appear as he were flay'd? O
gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [*Within*] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder
from a tabor

More than I know the sound of Marcius'
tongue

From every meaner man's.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood o.
others,

But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh, let me clip ye

30 In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,

How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death and some to
exile;

Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th'
other ;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches ? 40
Where is he ? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone ;
He did inform the truth : but for our gentle-
men,
The common file—a plague ! tribunes for
them !—

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they
did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do
not think.

Where is the enemy ? are you lords o' the
field ?

If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose. 50

Mar. How lies their battle ? know you
on which side
They 've plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust ; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we 've shed together, by the
vows

We 've made to endure friends, that you
directly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
60 And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and
darts,

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be
here—

As it were sin to doubt—that love this
painting

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
70 Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad
life,

And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus t' express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout and wave their swords,
take him up in their arms, and cast
up their caps.]*

Of me alone make you a sword? of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select: the
rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to
march:

And I shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon
Corioli, going with drum and trumpet to-
ward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS,
enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers,
and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep
your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send,
dispatch

Those centuries to our aid: the rest will
serve

For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come ; to th' Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *A field of battle.*

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I
do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike :
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's
slave,
And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought on your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 't is not
my blood

Wherein thou se'st me mask'd ; for thy
revenge

10 Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*]

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd
me
In your condemn'd seconds. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded.
Flourish. Enter, from one side, COMINIUS
with the Romans; from the other side,
MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy
day's work,
Thou 'dst not believe thy deeds : but I'll re-
port it
Where senators shall mingle tears with
smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend and
shrug,
I' the end admire ; where ladies shall be
frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more ; where the
dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plébeians, hate thine
honors,
Shall say against their hearts, " We thank
the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier."
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power
from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the capariſon :
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I
have done

As you have done; that 's what I can; in-
duc'd

As you have been; that 's for my coun-
try:

He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must
20 know

The value of her own. 'T were a conceal-
ment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-
ment,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises
vouch'd,

Would seem but modest: therefore, I be-
seech you—

In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear
me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and
they smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
30 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,

And tent themselves with death. Of all
the horses—

Whereof we 've ta'en good and good store—
of all

The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with
those

That have beheld the doing.

40

*[A long flourish. They all cry " Marcius!
Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances:
Cominius and Lartius stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which
you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trum-
pets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and
cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When
steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An armature for the wars! No more, I say!
For that I have not wash'd my nose that
bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, with-
out note,

Here's many else have done,—you shout me
50 forth

In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
More cruel to your good report than grate-
ful

To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put
you,

Like one that means his proper harm, in
manacles,

Then reason safely with you. Therefore,
be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Mar-
cius

Wears this war's garland : in token of the
which,

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give
60 him,

With all his trim belonging ; and from this
time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamor of the
host,

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS ! Bear
Th' addition nobly ever !

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
And, when my face is fair, you shall per-
ceive

Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank
you.

I mean to stride your steed, and at all times 70
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lar-
tius,

Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that
now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to
beg

Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 't is yours. What is 't? 80

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request
you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. Oh, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.
I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. 90
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent :
The blood upon your visage dries ; 't is
time
It should be look'd to : come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The camp of the Volsces.*

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en !

First Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on
good condition.

Auf. Condition !

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition !
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times,
Marcius,

I've fought with thee : so often hast thou
beat me,

And wouldst do so, I think, should we en-
counter

10 As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his : mine emulation
Hath not that honor in 't it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some
way

Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol.

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My
valor, poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep nor sanc-
tuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were
it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even
there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you
to th' city ;
Learn how 't is held ; and what they are
that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove :
I pray you— 30
'T is south the city mills—bring me word
thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS with the two Tribunes of the people, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good ? or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like
to a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men : tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now : do you two

know how you are censur'd here in the city, 20
I mean of us o'the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—
will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a
very little thief of occasion will rob you of
a great deal of patience: give your disposi-
tions the reins, and be angry at your pleas-
ures; at the least, if you take it as a pleas-
ure to you in being so. You blame Marcius
for being proud? 30

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone;
for your helps are many or else your actions
would grow wondrous single: your abili-
ties are too infant-like for doing much alone.
You talk of pride: O that you could turn
your eyes toward the napes of your necks,
and make but an interior survey of your
good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a
brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy 40
magistrates, *alias* fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well
enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous pa-
trician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine
with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said
to be something imperfect in favoring the
first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon

too trivial motion ; one that converses more with the latter end of the night than with the forehead of the morning : what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables : and, though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too ? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too ?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well
60 enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs : you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orangewife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more

entangled by your hearing; all the peace you 70
make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be say- 80
ing, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius go aside.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 90

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo ! Marcius coming home !

Vol. Vir. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him : the
100 state hath another, his wife another ; and I think there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night : a letter for me !

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you ; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me ! it gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricuteic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home
110 wounded.

Vir. Oh, no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded ; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much : brings a' victory in his pocket ? the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius : he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

120 *Men.* And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that : an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all

the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing. 130

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body. 140

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, —there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm
doth lie :

150 Which, being advanc'd, declines, and
then men die.

*A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS
the general, and TITUS LARTIUS ; be-
tween them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with
an oaken garland ; with Captains and
Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius
did fight
Within Corioli gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these
In honor follows CORIOLANUS ! Welcome
to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus !

[Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Corio-
lanus !

Cor. No more of this ; it does offend my
heart :

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother !

Cor. Oh,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity ! *[Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ;

160 My gentle Caius, worthy Marcius, and
By deed-achieving honor newly named,—
What is it ?—CORIOLANUS must I call
thee ?—

But, oh, thy wife !

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come
coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my
dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee.

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O
my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: oh, wel-
come home: 170

And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome
all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I
could weep
And I could laugh, I 'm light and heavy.
Welcome.

A curse begin at very root on 's heart
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the
faith of men,

We 've some old crab-trees here at home
that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome,
warriors:

We call a nettle but a nettle and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right. 180

Cor. Menenius ever, ever.

Herald. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your
hand and yours:

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greet-
ings

But with them change of honors.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy : only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt
not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

190 *Cor.* Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol !

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
blearèd sights
Are spectacled to see him : your prattling
nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats of him : the kitchen malkin
pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.
Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls,
bulks, windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges
hors'd

200 With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown fla-
mens

Do press among the popular throngs and
puff

To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks to th' wanton
spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slyly crept into his human powers
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may, 210

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
honors

From where he should begin to th' end, but
will

Lose those he 'th won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but
they

Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honors;
which

That he will give them make as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he 220
Appear i' the market-place nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds

To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is right.

Bru. It was his word : oh, he would miss
it rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry
to him

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose and to
put it

In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then as our good
230 wills,

A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out.

To him or our authorities. For an end,

We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that to 's power he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their plead-
ers and

Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their
provand

240 Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people,—which time shall
not want,

If he be put upon 't, and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be as fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.

'T is thought

That Marcius shall be consul :

I 've seen the dumb men throng to see him
and

250

The blind to hear him speak : matrons flung
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-
chers,

Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and
shouts :

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol ;

And carry with us ears and eyes for th'
time,

But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost
here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say : but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow ; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them ; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition : and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he'd wave indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm : but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
21 for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserv'd worthily of his country : and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and

his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. 31

First Off. No more of him ; he's a worthy man : make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. CORIOLANUS stands.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces,
and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country : therefore,
please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general 40
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom
We meet here both to thank and to remember
With honors like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think

Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*]
Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common
50 body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off ;
I would you rather had been silent. Please
you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly ;
60 But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers
to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame
to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honors' pardon :
I 'd rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru.

Sir, I hope

My words disbench'd you not.

Cor.

No, sir: yet oft,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but
your people,—

70

I love them as they weigh.

Men.

Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I 'd rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun

When the alarum were struck than idly
sit

To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

Men.

Masters of the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when
you now see

He 'd rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than one on 's ears to hear 't? Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of
Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held 80

That valor is the chiefest virtue, and

Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world

Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,

When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dic-
tator,

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him
fight.

When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's
90 view

Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his
meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil
age

Man-enter'd thus, he wax'd like a sea,
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For
this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say
I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the
100 fliers ;

And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
And fell below his stem : his sword, death's
stamp,

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to
foot

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,

110 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli like a planet : now all 's his :
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce

His ready sense ; then straight his doubled
spirit

Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure
fit the honors

Which we devise him. 120

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they
were

The common muck of the world : he covets
less

Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble :
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well
pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still 130
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat
them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men, Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
140 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and
thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I
should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the
people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble
consul

150 Wish we all joy and honor.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and
honor! [*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt*
all but Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent ! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-
place
I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do ; for, if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous ; and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve ; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself

stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many ; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely color'd : and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' 21 the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so ? Which way do you judge my wit would fly ?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will ; 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head ; but, if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way ?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog, where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' 30 sake to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks : you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your voices ? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility, with MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of hu-

military: mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?
"I pray, sir," — Plague upon 't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace:—"Look, sir, my wounds!

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran

From th' noise of our own drums."

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues

Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,

50

In wholesome manner. *[Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.

[Re-enter two of the Citizens.

So, here comes a brace.

[Re-enter a third citizen.

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing
here.

60 *Third Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath
brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir, 't was never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give
you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the
consulship?

70 *First Cit.* The price is to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I
have wounds to show you, which shall be
yours in private. Your good voice, sir;
what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two
worthy voices begg'd. I have your alms:
adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 't were to give again,—but
't is no matter.

[Exeunt the three Citizens.]

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

81

Fourth Cit. You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed lov'd the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and, since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have receiv'd many wounds for your country.

100

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir,
heartily! [Exeunt.]

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do de-
serve.

Why in this woolvish toge should I stand
here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me
110 to't:

What custom wills, in all things should we
do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it
so,

Let the high office and the honor go
To one that would do thus. I am half
through;

The one part suffer'd, th' other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here comes more voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices
120 bear

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I've seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more:
your voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All Cit. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [Exeunt.

Cor. Worthy voices! 130

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS,

Men. You 've stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:

The people do admit you and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir,

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again, 140

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.

He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'T is warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his
humble weeds.

Will you dismiss the people ?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters ! have you
chose this man ?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Brut. We pray the gods he may deserve
150 your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir : to my poor, unworthy
notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly

He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech : he
did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save your-
self, but says

He us'd us scornfully : he should have
show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's
country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Citizens. No, no ; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which
he could show in private ;

160 And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
" I would be consul " says he : " agéd custom
But by your voices will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore." When we granted
that,

Here was, "I thank you for your voices :
thank you :

Your most sweet voices : now you 've left
your voices,

I have no further with you." Was not this
mockery ?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to
see 't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no
power, 170

But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you
bear

I' the body o' the weal ; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have
said

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious
nature 180

Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his
spirit

And tried his inclination ; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you
might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article

190 Tying him to aught; so putting him to
rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his
choler

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you
think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to
you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had
your bodies

No heart among you? or had you tongues
to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
200 Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may
deny him yet.

Second Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred and their
friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell
those friends

They 've chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties : make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for
barking

As therefore kept to do so.

Sic.

Let them assemble, 210

And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election ; enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you ; besides, forget
not

With what contempt he wore the humble
weed,

How in his suit he scorn'd you ; but your
loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which, gibing most ungravely, he did
fashion

After th' inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru.

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labor'd, 220
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic.

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment than as
guided

By your own true affections, and that your
minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against
the grain

To voice him consul : lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continu'd, and what stock he
230 springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from
whence came
That Angus Marcius, Numa's daughter's
son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Públius and Quintus
were,
That our best water brought by conduits
hither;
And [Censorinus,] who was nobly nam'd so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
240 To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have
found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixèd enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your
number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on ;

This mutiny were better put in hazard
Than stay, past doubt, for greater. 250
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come :
We will be there before the stream o' the
people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their
own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS,
all the Gentry, COMINIUS, TITUS LAR-
TIUS, *and other Senators.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new
head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was
which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as
at first,

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to
make road

Upon 's again.

Com. They 're worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see

Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; and
did curse

10 Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword
to sword ;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most ; that he would pawn his
fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he ?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him
there,

20 T' oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth : I do
despise them ;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on : no
further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and
the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices? 30

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall
to th' market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them
now

And straight disclaim their tongues? What
are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not
their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by
plot,

To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule 40

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them, and of
late,

When corn was given them gratis, you re-
pin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people,
call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By
50 yond clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you 're bound, you must inquire
your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This
paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
60 Deserv'd this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't
again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heart, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler
friends,

I crave their pardons:

For th' mutable, rank-scented many, let
them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves : I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our
senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plough'd for,
sow'd, and 'scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd
number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but
that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech
you.

Cor. How ! no more !

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those
measles

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet
sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people 80

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what ? his choler ?

Cor. Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 't would be my mind !

Sic.

It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. "Shall remain"!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark
you

His absolute "shall"?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

90 *Cor.* "Shall!"

O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you
thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer
That with his peremptory "shall," being
but

The horn and noise o' the monster, wants
not spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have
power,

Then vail your impotence; if none, revoke
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,

100 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are
plebeians,

If they be senators: and they're no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their
magistrate,

And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove
himself,

It makes the consuls base! and my soul
aches

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give
forth

The corn o' th' storehouse gratis, as 't was
used

Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. —Though there the people had more
absolute power,—

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They
know the corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: being press'd
to th' war,

Even when the navel of the state was
touch'd,

They would not thread the gates. This
kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the
war,

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they
show'd

Most valor, spoke not for them : th' accusation

Which they have often made against the senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the motive

130 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words : " We did
request it ;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands." Thus we de-
base

The nature of our seats and make the
rabble

Call our cares fears ; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the Senate and bring
in

The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

140 *Cor.* No, take more :
What may be sworn by, both divine and
human,

Seal what I end withal ! This double wor-
ship,—

Where one part does disdain with cause,
the other

Insult without all reason, where gentry, title,
wisdom

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it
follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore,
beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that
prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once
pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not
lick
The sweet which is their poison : your dis-
honor
Mangles true judgment and bereaves the
state
Of that integrity which should become 't,
Not having the power to do the good it
would, 160
For th' ill which doth control 't.
Bru. 'Has said enough.
Sic. 'Has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm
thee !
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench : in a rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be,
was law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
170 Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. Th' ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile*] in
whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to th' public weal: obey, I charge
thee,

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, etc. We'll surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake
thy bones

Out of thy garments.

180 *Sic.* Help, ye citizens!

*Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians) with
the Ædiles.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you
all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with
him!

Senators, etc. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying*

"Tribunes!" "Patricians!" "Citizens!"

"What, ho!"

"Sicinius!" "Brutus!" "Coriolanus!"

"Citizens!"

"Peace, peace, peace!" "Stay, hold, peace!"

Men. What is about to be? I'm out of breath;

Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes

190

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!

Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties: Marcius would have all from you; Marcius, Whom late you've nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. T' unbuild the city and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True,

The people are the city. 200

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose
210 power

We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him ;
Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from
thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him !

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield !

Men. Hear me one word ;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace !

Men. [To Brutus] Be that you seem, truly
your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you
would
Thus violently redress.

220 *Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very
poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands
upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor.

No, I'll die here.
[Drawing his sword.]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!

230

All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans; as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol—

Men. Be gone; 240

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them ; yea,
the two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arith-
metic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it
stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth
rend

Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

250 *Men.* Pray you, be gone :
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little : this must
be patch'd
With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*]

A Patrician. This man has marr'd his
fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the
world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his tri-
dent,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart
's his mouth :

What his breast forges that his tongue must
vent ;

And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. 260

[*A noise within.*]

Here 's goodly work !

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tiber ! What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the
rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tar-
peian rock
With rigorous hands : he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further
trial

Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at naught.

First Cit. He shall well know 270
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace !

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should
but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.
280 *Bru.* He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further
harm

Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but our danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

290 *Men.* Now the good gods forbid
That our renownèd Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deservèd children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut
away.

Men. Oh, he 's a limb that has but a dis-
ease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy
death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath
lost—

Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he
hath,

By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his
country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country,

Were to us all that do't and suffer it

A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic.

This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry : when he did love his
country,

It honor'd him.

Men.

The service of the foot

Being once gangren'd is not then respected

For what before it was.

Bru.

We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him
thence ;

Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310
Spread further.

Men.

One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too
late

Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by
process ;

Lest parties, as he is belov'd, break out,

And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru.

If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our ædiles smote? Ourselves resisted?
Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i'
320 the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-
school'd

In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me
leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to 's utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
330 Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll
attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll pro-
ceed

In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your com-
pany: he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in Coriolanus's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears,
present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A Patrician. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare
heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and
wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you :
Why did you wish me milder? would you
have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well
on
Before you had worn it out.

Cor.

Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the
man you are
20 With striving less to be so : lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions if
You had not show'd them how you were
dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too
rough, something too rough ;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There 's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd :
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
30 But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman !
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but
that

The violent fit o' th' time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I 'd put mine armor on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ! I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do 't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble 40
But when extremities speak. I've heard
you say,

Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that,
and tell me,

In peace what each of them by the other
lose,

That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor in your wars to seem
The same you are not,—which for your best
ends

You adopt your policy,—how is it less or
worse

That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war, since that to both 50
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to
speak

To th' people; not by your own instruc-
tion

Nor by the matter which your own heart
prompts you

But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, thought's bastards, and but
syllables

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Now this no more dishonors you at all

Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune
60 and

The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honor: I am, in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the
nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon
em

For the inheritance of their loves and safe-
guard

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may
70 salve so

Not what is dangerous present but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,

Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be
with them—

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the
ignorant

More learned than the ears—waving thy
head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Bow, humble as the ripest mulberry

That will not hold the handling,—say to
90 them

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in
broils

Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,

Were fit for thee to use as they to claim
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt
frame

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,

Even as she speaks it, why, their hearts
were yours ;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,

Go, and be ruled : although I know thou 'dst
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf

Than flatter him in a bower. Here is
Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I 've been i' the market-place ; and,
sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence : all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will.

Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbèd
sconce ?

Must I with base tongue give my noble
100 heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't :
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it
And throw 't against the wind. To th'
market-place!
You 've put me now to such a part which
never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

110 *Cor.* Well, I must do 't :

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! my throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! the smiles of
knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears
take up

The glasses of my sight ! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my
arm'd knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
120 That hath receiv'd an alms ! I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,

And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then :
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than
fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at
death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou
list.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst
it from me,
But ow'st thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content : 130
Mother, I 'm going to the market-place ;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their
loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am
going :
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return
consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.
[*Exit.*

Com. Away ! the tribunes do attend you :
arm yourself
To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is "mildly." Pray you, let us go :

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that
he affects

Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He is coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those
senators

That always favor'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd
Set down by the poll?

10 *Æd.* I have; 't is ready here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;

And, when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,"
be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,

If I say fine, cry "Fine;" if death, cry
"Death."

Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have be-
gun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 20

Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for
this hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight: he hath been
us'd

Ever to conquer, and to have his worth

Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he
cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance; then he
speaks

What 's in his heart; and that is there
which looks

With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes. 30

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and CO-
MINIUS, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for th' poorest
piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The
honor'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of
justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love
among's!
Throng our large temples with the shows
of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience!
40 peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak,

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than
this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which
show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard. 50

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider, further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter
That, being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonor'd that the very hour 60
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us,

Cor. Say, then: 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in
the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand
deaths, 70

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would
say

"Thou liest" unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with
him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here de-
fying

Those whose great power must try him;
80 even this,

So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made
your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian
death,

Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

90 But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can
give,

To have 't with saying, "Good morrow."

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the
presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the
people
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates; i' the people's
name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let
him away:
He 's banish'd and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my
common friends,—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more
tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own
life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's in-
crease,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—

Sic. We know your drift : speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he
is banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country :
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose
120 breath I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I
prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders ; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
130 Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows ! Despising
then,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
There is a world elsewhere.

*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is
gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow
him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come; let's see him out
at gates; come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!
Come. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the young
Nobility of Rome.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief
farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay,
mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were
us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could
bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's
blows,
When most struck home, being gentle,
wounded, craves

A noble cunning : you were us'd to load me
10 With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all
trades in Rome,

And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay,
mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to
say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you 'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not ; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my

20 mother :

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Mene-
nius,

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My some-
time general,

I 've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft be-
held

Heart-hardening spectacles ; tell these sad
women

'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes

As 't is to laugh at 'em. My mother, you
wot well

My hazards still have been your solace : and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,

30 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fengle

Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—
your son

Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol.

My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Comin-
ius

With thee awhile: determine on some
course,

More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor.

O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with
thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear
of us

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth 40

A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor.

Fare ye well:

Thou'st years upon thee; and thou art
too full

Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at
gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother,
and

My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell and smile. I pray you,
come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall 50

Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good
gods,

I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and
we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have
sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home;
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. *[Exit Ædile.]*
Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep
on your way.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENE-
NIUS.

Vol. Oh, ye're well met: the hoarded
plagues o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you
should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*]
Will you be gone?

Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I
would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note
but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou
foxship

To banish him that struck more blows for
Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessèd heavens! 20

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou
wise words;

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what;
yet go:

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my
son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vol. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity,

Bastards and all. Good man, the wounds
that he

Does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his
30 country

As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. "I would he had"! 'T was you incens'd the rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,
hear this :—

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
40 The meanest house in Rome so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you
all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet
'em

But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home ;
And, by my troth, you 've cause. You 'll
sup with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon my-
self, 50
And so shall starve with feeding. Come,
let 's go :

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A highway between Rome and
Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know
me : your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services
are, as you are, against 'em : know you
me yet ?

Vols. Nicanor ? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last
saw you ; but your favor is well appear'd by
your tongue. What 's the news in Rome ?
I have a note from the Volscian state, to find
you out there : you have well sav'd me a
day's journey. 11

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange
insurrections ; the people against the sena-
tors, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. "Hath been"! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes forever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

23 *Vols.* Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no
30 request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: you will have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions

and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 39

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Antium. Before Aufidius's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City, 'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir

Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not,

Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones

In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the
state

At his house this night.

10 *Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir : farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now
fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one
heart,

Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in
love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity : so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep

20 To take the one the other, by some chance,

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow
dear friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me :

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. I'll enter : if he slay me,

He does fair justice ; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.*

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter a second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus!

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray go to the door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

10

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow 's this?

First Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the
21 house: prithee, call my master to him.

[Retires.]

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvelous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place
30 for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.]

Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall.

[Exit.]

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too? 40

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*]

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name? 50

Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*]
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me,
dost not

Think me the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in 't ; though thy tackle 's
torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel : what 's thy
name ?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown : know'st
thou me yet ?

61 *Anf.* I know thee not : thy name ?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness
may

My surname, Coriolanus. The painful
service,

The éxtreme dangers, and the drops of
blood

Shed for my thankless country are requited

But with that surname ; a good memory

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that

71 name remains ;

The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our bastard nobles, who

Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ?

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be

Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth ; not out of
hope—

Mistake me not—to save my life ; for, if

I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the
world

I would have 'voided thee ; but in mere
spite,

Than thee, all-noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath
broke,

And scarr'd the moon with splinters : here
I clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know, thou

110 first,

I lov'd the maid I married ; never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee
here,

Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt
heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars !
I tell thee

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy
brawn,

Or lose mine arm for 't : thou hast beat me
out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly
since

120 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's
throat,

And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster
all

From twelve to seventy, and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. Oh, come,
go in,

And take our friendly senators by th' hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of
me, 130

Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Ant. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one-half of my commission; and set
down—

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou
know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness,—
thine own ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of
Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote
To fright them ere destroy. But come thou
in: 140

Let me commend thee first to those that
shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand wel-
comes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:
most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*]

First Serv. Here 's a strange alteration !

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has ! he turn'd me about with his finger and his
150 thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so ; looking as it were—would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I 'll be sworn : he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is : but a greater
160 soldier than he you wot on.

Sec. Serv. Who, my master ?

First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,
—news, you rascals! 170

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what?
let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of
all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned
man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? where-
fore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was
wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say, "thwack our
general"?

Third Serv. I do not say, "thwack our
general"; but he was always good enough
for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and
friends: he was ever too hard for him; I
have heard him say so himself. 181

First Serv. He was too hard for him di-
rectly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli
he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a car-
bonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally
given, he might have broil'd and eaten him
too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here
within as if he were son and heir to Mars;
set at upper end o' the table; no question
asked him by any of the senators, but they
stand bald before him; our general himself 190
makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself

with 's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one-half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

200 *Sec. Serv.* And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he 's in directitude.

First Serv. "Directitude!" what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

209 *First Serv.* But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then, we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it

exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's
sprightly walking, audible, and full of vent.
Peace is a very apoplexy, a lethargy; mulled,
deaf, sleepy, insensible. Ay, and it makes
men hate one another. 220

Third Serv. Reason; because they then
less need one another. The wars for my
money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as
Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him neither need we
fear him;
His remedies are tame i' th' present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather
had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, be-
hold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than
see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and
going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. [*Enter*
Menenius.] Is this Menenius? Google 1

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown
most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Bru. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is' not much
miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth
doth stand,

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been
much better if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother
and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

20 *Sic.* God-den, our neighbors.

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you
all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and chil-
dren, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors: we wish'd
Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely
time
Than when these fellows ran about the
streets
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 30
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all
thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamen-
tation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it,
and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in
prison,
Reports the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood
for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumor whipp'd.
It cannot be

The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,
50 And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your informa-
tion

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness
are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his
60 raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—

How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing,

Sic This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only that the weaker sort
may wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't. 70

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety,

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire,
and took

What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. Oh, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news? 80

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters and

To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonor'd to your
noses,—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burn'd in their
cément, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me.—
Pray, your news?—

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. If!
90 He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow
him

Against us brats with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood
so much

Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You've
made fair work!

100 *Bru.* But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance.

And perish constant fools. Who is 't can
blame him ?

Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame ; the
people

Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends,
if they

Should say, "Be good to Rome," they
charg'd him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his
hate,

And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true :
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease." You 've
made fair hands,

You and your crafts ! you 've crafted fair !

Com. You 've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not we brought it. 120

Men. How ! Was it we ? we lov'd him ;
but, like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,

The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer : desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with them ? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you
130 cast
Your stinking, greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip : as many cox-
combs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no
matter ;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
140 When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I ; and, to say the
truth, so did very many of us : that we did
we did for the best ; and, though we will-
ingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices !

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry ! Shall's to
the Capitol ?

Com. Oh, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not
dismay'd:

These are a side that would be glad to have 150

This true which they so seem to fear. Go
home,

And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come,
masters, let 's home. I ever said we were
i' the wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's
home. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol. Would half
my wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. 160
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A camp, at a small distance
from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore
meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more
proudlie,

E'en to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his

10 nature

In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he
knows not

What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

20 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things
fairly,

And shows good husbandry for th' Volscian
state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as
soon

As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard
mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;

And the nobility of Rome are his :

The senators and patricians owe him too : 30

The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty

T' expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them ; but he could not

Carry his honors even : whether 't was pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances 40

Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace

E'en with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war ; but one of these—

As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in th' interpretation of the time : 50

And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one
nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths
do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is
thine,
Thou 'rt poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS,
BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he
hath said
Which was sometime his general; who
loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me
father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd
him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so: you've made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have wreck'd fair
Rome

To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to
pardon
When it was least expected: he replied,
It was a rare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me
was,

He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: he said 't was
folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave 't un-
burnt

And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I 'm one of those; his mother, wife, his
child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: 30

You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : we must be burnt for
you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse
your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if
you

Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can
do

40 For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ? or not unheard, but as
A discontented friend, grief shot with his
Unkindness ?

Sic. Say 't be so ? yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after
the measure

As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake 't ;
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts
me.

50 He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and
then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we 've
stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our
blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler
souls

Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll
watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his
kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him. 60
Speed how it will, you shall ere long have
knowledge

Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaolor to his pity. I kneel'd before
him;

'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dis-
miss'd me

Thus, with his speechless hand: what he
would do,

He sent in writing after me, what he would
not;

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :

70 So that all hope is vain,
Unless in 's noble mother and his wife ;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's
hence
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Entrance of the Volscian camp
before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

First Sen. Stay : whence are you ?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 't is well : but
by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must
return : our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embrac'd
with fire before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of
Rome

10 And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,

My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men
have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
For I have ever magnified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that
verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, some-
times,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
I've tumbled past the throw : and in his
praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing : therefore,
fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, 30
telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front
40 his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you
50 not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back,—that 's the utmost of your having: back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an

errand for you : you shall know now that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess, but by my entertainment 60 with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee. [*To Cor.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O my son, my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee ; but being assur'd none but myself could move thee, I 70 have been blown out of our gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away !

Men. How ! away !

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not.

My affairs

Are servanted to others : though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been
familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather 80
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be
gone.

Mine ears against your suits are stronger
than

Your gates against my force. Yet, for I
lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word,
Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak. This man,
Aufidius,

Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou be-
hold'st!

Auf. You keep a constent temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Mene-
nius?

Sec. Sen. 'T is a spell, you see, of much
or power: you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent
for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have
to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor
your general: for such things as you, I can
scarce think there's any, ye're so slight.
He that hath a will to die by himself fears
it not from another: let your general do his
worst. For you, be that you are, long; and
your misery increase with your age! I say
to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

101 *First Sen.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our gen-

eral : he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome
to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this
action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how
plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected ; stopp'd your ears
against
The general suit of Rome ; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to
Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father ; 10
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest
refuge
Was to send him ; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more
offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept ; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to : fresh embassies and suits,

Nor from the state nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to. Ha ! what shout is this ?
[*Shout within.*]

20 Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made ? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOL-
LUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VA-
LERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honor'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her
hand

The grandchild to her blood. But, out,
affection !

All bond and privilege of nature, break !

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves'
eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn ? I melt,
and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother
bows ;

30 As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod : and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, " Deny not." Let the
Volsces

Plough Rome and harrow Italy ; I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore
in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus
chang'd

Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now 40
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that, "Forgive our Romans." Oh, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that
kiss

I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I
prate,

And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the
earth; [Kneels. 50

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. Oh, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; 60
Murdering impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this
lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

70 *Cor.* The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou
mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That 's my brave boy !

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and
myself

Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before :
The things I have forsworn to grant may
80 never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more !
You 've said you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already : yet we 'll ask ;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame 90
May hang upon your hardness : therefore
hear us.

Cor. Aufidius and you Volscés, mark ;
for we 'll
Hear naught from Rome in private, Your
request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak,
our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We 've led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self
How more unfortunate than all living
women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight,
which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance
with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear
and sorrow ; 100
Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we 're bound, together with thy
victory,

Whereto we're bound? alack, or we must
lose

110 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy
person,

Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade
120 thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no
sooner

March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep
your name

Living to time.

Young Mar. A shall not tread on me ;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
130 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I've sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might
condemn us
As poisonous of your honor : no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the
Volsces
May say, " This mercy we have show'd ; "
the Romans,
" This we receiv'd ; " and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, " Be blest
For making up this peace ! " Thou know'st,
great son, 140
The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if you conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a
name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ : " The man was
noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;
Destroy'd his country, and his name re-
mains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to
me, son :
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods ; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'
the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost
not speak ?

Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter,
speak you :

He cares not for your weeping. Speak
thou, boy :

Perhaps thy childishness will move him
more

Than can our reasons. There's no man in
the world

More bound to 's mother ; yet here he lets
me prate

160 Like one i' the stocks. Thou 'st never in
thy life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second
brood,

Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely
home,

Loaden with honor. Say my request's un-
just,

And spurn me back : but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest ; and the gods will
plague thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty
which

To a mother's part belongs. He turns
away :

Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our
knees.

170 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more
pride

Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
This is the last : so we will home to Rome.

And die among our neighbors. Nay, behold's:

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,

Does reason our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:

This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;

His wife is in Corioli and this child

Like him by chance. Yet give us our despatch:

180

I'm hush'd until our city be afire,

And then I'll speak a little.

[He holds her by the hand, silent.]

Cor.

O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene

They laugh at. O my mother, mother! Oh!

You've won a happy victory to Rome;

But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,

If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190

I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, say would you have heard

A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good
sir,

What peace you 'll make advise me : for my
part,

I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you ; and
pray you,

Stand to me in this cause. O mother ! wife !

Auf. [*Aside.*] I 'm glad thou 'st set thy
mercy and thy honor

At difference in thee : out of that I 'll work
Myself a firmer fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ;

[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*

We will but drink together ; and you shall
bear

A better witness back than words, which
we,

On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you : all the swords

In Italy and her confederate arms

209 Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol,
yond corner-stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenc'd and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing. 12

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in. 22

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them ; and, he returning
31 to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house.

The plébeians have got your fellow-tribune
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news ?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news ; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone :

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

40 *Sic.* Friend,
Art certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire :

Where have you lurk'd that you make
doubt of it ?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown
tide,

As the recomforted through the gates.
Why, hark you !

[*Trumpets ; hautboys ; drums beat ; all together.*]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Ro-
mans

Make the sun dance. Hark you !

[*A shout within.*

Men.

This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians, 50
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You 've prayed well
to-day :

This morning for ten thousand of your
throats

I 'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they
joy ! [*Music still, with shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your
tidings ; next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess.

Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic.

They are near the city ?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic.

We will meet them,

And help the joy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A street near the gate.*

*Enter two Senators with VOLUMNIA, VIR-
GILIA, VALERIA, etc., passing over the
stage, followed by Patricians and others.*

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life
of Rome !

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers
before them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry, " Welcome, ladies, welcome !"

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome !

*[A flourish with drums and trumpets.
Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Corioli. A public place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am
here.

Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place,
where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AU-
FIDIUS'S faction.*

Most welcome !

First Con. How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so ¹⁰
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell :
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third. Con. The people will remain un-
certain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference ; but the fall of
either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits ²⁰
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I
paw'd
Mine honor for his truth : who being so
heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of
flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of :
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my
hearth, ³⁰
Presented to my knife his throat : I took
him,

Made him joint-servant with me, gave him
way

In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, serv'd his de-
signments

In mine own person, help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his, and took some
pride

To do myself this wrong ; till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and

40 He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord :
The army marvel'd at it ; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we
look'd

For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it :
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd
upon him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which
are

As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and
labor

Of our great action : therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.]*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd
50 like a post,

And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base
throats tear
With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall
bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more :
Here come the lords.

60

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome
home.

Auf. I 've not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed
perus'd
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines : but there to
end

Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty
where

There was a yielding,—this admits no ex-
cuse.

70 *Auf.* He approaches : you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drums and colors; Commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier,

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsist-
ing

Under your great command. You are to
know

That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have
brought home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made
peace

80 With no less honor to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans : and we here
deliver,

Subscrib'd by th' consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor in the high'st degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor ! how now !

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius !

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius : dost
thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
name

Coriolanus in Corioli?

90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidi-
ously

He has betray'd your business, and given
up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
—I say "your city,"—to his wife and mother;

Breaking his oath and resolution like

A twist of rotten silk, never admitting

Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears

He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,

That pages blush'd at him, and men of
heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor.

Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of
tears!

Cor.

Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. "Boy"!
O slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that
ever

I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own
notion—

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him,
that

Must bear my beating to his grave—shall
join

110 To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me
speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and
lads,

Stain all your edges on me. "Boy"! false
hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:

Alone I did it. "Boy"!

Auf. Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind for-
tune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy
braggart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

120 *All Consp.* Let him die for 't.

All the People. "Tear him to pieces."

"Do it presently." "He killed my son."

"My daughter." "He killed my cousin

Marcus." "He killed my father."

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!

The man is noble and his fame folds-in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to
us

Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Au-
fidius,

And trouble not the peace.

Cor. Oh that I had him,

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,

To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain ! 130

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus : Aufidius stands on his body.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold !

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed where-
at valor will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Mas-
ters all, be quiet ;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—
as in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot—the great
danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll
rejoice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your
honors

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver 140

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body ;
And mourn you for him : let him be re-
garded

As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him
up.

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be
one.

150 Beat thou the drum that it speak mourn-
fully:

Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city
he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist.

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.
A dead march sounded.]*

NOTES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

3. to die . . . famish? to die a violent death in combat rather than slowly perish of famine?

9. Is 't a verdict? have you made up your minds on that point?

13. good, in point of wealth: What authority . . . us, that which is to those in authority, the patricians, something over and above what they can profitably use for their wants, would relieve our distress.

14. while it were wholesome, before it should become so musty as to be useless for food; for the subjunctive used indefinitely after a relative conjunction, see Abb. § 367.

16. too dear, not worth the keeping alive at such a cost.

17, 8. is as . . . abundance, serves, by way of contrast, to make them mindful of their own well-fed condition.

18. our sufferance . . . them, our misery adds something in the way of zest to their prosperity.

18, 9. Let us . . . rakes. Warburton points out that *pikes* was an old term for *forks*, i.e. *pitch-forks*, with which hay, straw, etc., was *picked*, or pitched, on to a heap. In *rakes*, the comparison is to the bones of an animal showing below the skin as distinctly as the teeth of a rake.

23. he's a very . . . commonalty, he worries us, the common people, with all the fierceness of a dog worrying sheep.

29, 30. what he hath . . . end, those famous actions he has performed, he performed only in order that he might be able to make them an excuse for indulging in his pride.

33. virtue, in the sense of the Lat. *virtus*, valor, manly excellence, from *vir*, a man.

38. The other side, the part beyond the Tiber. But in all

probability Shakespeare had in his mind the topography of London and not of Rome, and the Tower was to him the Capitol.

39. is risen, is up in arms : the Capitol, the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus at Rome, said to have derived its name from a human head's (*caput*) being discovered in digging its foundation. Begun by Tarquinius Priscus and finished by Tarquinius Superbus, it was three times burnt down and as often rebuilt.

41. Soft! wait awhile!

47. bats, bludgeons, cudgels.

57. For, as regards.

60-3. whose course . . . impediment, whose course will go forward in the direction it has marked out for itself, easily breaking down all hindrances, though ten thousand times more stubborn than any you can place in its way.

68. The helms o' the state, those who are guiding the vessel of state.

73, 4. make edicts . . . usurers, they frame resolutions in favor of usury, whereby the exorbitant money-lenders are enabled to flourish. An edict was a rule promulgated by magistrates, more especially the pretors, upon their entry into office at the beginning of the year; and when the custom of succeeding magistrates adopting the rules of their predecessors became common, these rules, or edicts, gradually constituted a large body of law.

77-9. Either . . . folly, when you have heard what I have to say, you will either have to confess that your words are words of the merest malice, or that you have laid yourself open to the charge of folly.

82. To stale . . . more, to make it a little more stale by repetition.

84. fob, Ger. *foppen*, to jeer, banter.

85. deliver, relate.

90. cupboarding, storing up as in a cupboard; a *cupboard* is properly a closet with shelves on which cups are ranged, then a closet in which anything is kept: viand, food; the same as Ital. *vivanda*, victuals, food, eatables—Lat. *vivenda*, neuter plural, things to live on, provisions.

91. where, whereas: instruments, including bodily and mental organs.

93. mutually participate, each sharing with the other in the common labor; the adjective *participate* is not elsewhere found in Shakespeare.

94. appetite, desires: affection common, inclinations shared by the whole body.

102. envied his receipt, were jealous of its receiving all the nourishment taken into the body: receipt = thing received.

108. muniments, instruments with which the body is furnished and armed; Lat. *munire*, to fortify.

109. this our fabric, this frame-work of our body made up of all these several parts and organs: if that, for the conjunctional affix, see Abb. § 287.

110. 'Fore me . . . speaks! my goodness! this *is* a fellow to talk! 'Fore me, *i.e.* before me, in my presence, a petty adjuration.

111. cormorant, voracious: properly a voracious sea-bird, the *corvus marinus*, sea-crow.

113. agents, instruments, organs.

115, 6. If you 'll . . . awhile, if for a moment or two you will show me a small amount of that quality of which your store is but slight, viz. patience. Though Shakespeare often uses small where we should use *little*, it is probable that but for the parenthesis he would not have written a small Patience.

117. Note me, for this dative, see Abb. § 220.

118. Your, colloquially, as in l. 104.

120. incorporate, belonging to the same body as myself.

121. general, belonging equally to all parts of the body.

123. the store-house and the shop. Grant White points out that in modern English, as spoken in Great Britain, the two words are used in the same sense; whereas in America (as formerly in England) "shop" means the place where a thing is made, "store" or "store-house," the place where a thing is kept for sale.

124. if you do remember, said with a sort of sarcastic politeness.

126. Even . . . brain. Malone seems to be right when he says that the seat o' the brain is in apposition with, and descriptive of, the heart. That the heart was once believed to be the seat of the understanding, there can be no doubt; and just above we have it spoken of as the *counselor*. Others take the heart and the seat o' the brain as the two points to which the blood conveys the nourishment; in either case, seat will mean royal seat, throne, as frequently in Shakespeare.

127-30. And, through . . . live, and through the passages and chambers of the body the strongest nerves alike with the petty veins receive from me that adequate sustenance which gives them vigorous life: cranks are properly winding channels, ducts, but here in connection with offices they represent the passages running through a house by which food is brought from the kitchen, larder.

132. Ay, sir; well, well, said with impatience; get on with this answer that the belly made.

134. Yet I can . . . up, yet I can produce a balance-sheet

showing how my account stands and proving that all, etc.: audit, literally, the hearing of an account rendered by stewards.

137. It was . . . this? it was a good answer, but how do you apply it to the circumstances?

140. 1. *digest* . . . common, with impartial consideration turn over in your mind how the public welfare stands: *weal*, "A.S. *wela*, from A.S. *wel*, well, adverb. the notion of condition being expressed by the nominal suffix *-a*" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

141. you shall find. We should now say either, *examine* and you will find, or, *if* you examine, you will find.

149, 50. Thou rascal . . . *vantage*, you worthless fellow, least fitted of all the herd to take the lead, put yourself at their head thinking to secure to yourself some personal advantage. Mason points out that *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of forestry, the former meaning a lean deer, the latter full of animal vigor.

153. The one . . . *bale*, one side or other must perish in the conflict; *bale*, A.S. *bealu*, evil, misfortune.

155, 6. That . . . *scabs*? who, in seeking to relieve the seditious irritation from which you are suffering, only make yourselves more loathsome objects than before? the poor . . . opinion, this contemptible desire to make your miserable opinions heard.

156. We have . . . *word*, *i.e.* we might be sure beforehand of abuse from you.

162-4. no surer . . . *sun*, of no more steadfastness, endurance, than a coal which quickly burns itself out if put upon ice, or than, etc.

164-6. Your virtue . . . *it*, that in which you excel consists in exalting as a hero him whose vile actions have brought him to ruin, and in cursing that justice which has meted out his deserts to him.

167-9. and your . . . *evil*, and your inclinations are as the appetite of a sick man, who longs most for such food as would only make his malady worse.

173. your hate, the object of your hatred.

177. Under the gods, next to the gods; as their vicegerents on earth: keep you in awe, awe you into subjection.

183. declines, is falling from power: side factions, in their idle talk espouse one party or another: give out, proclaim as about to be made.

187. ruth, mercy, tenderness of heart.

188. quarry, a heap of slaughtered game. "Corrupted from O.F. *corree*, *curee*, the intestines of the slain animal; the part that was given to the hounds . . . —Low Lat. *corata*, the intestines of the slain animal . . . —Lat. *cor*, heart" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

191. Nay, these . . . persuaded, nay, there is no need to thunder at them any further, for they have already seen enough to be pretty well convinced of the folly of their outbreak.

195. an-hungry, here *an-* is a corruption of the A.S. intensive *of*; see Abb. § 24: sigh'd forth, uttered in dismal accents.

196. That hunger . . . walls, that nothing could restrain those who were starving: that dogs must eat, that even animals must have food, and will seize it if not given them.

201. To break . . . generosity, one calculated to humble the aristocracy to the dust; generosity, the abstract for the concrete; Lat. *generosus*, well-born.

202. And make . . . pale, and strike terror into the hearts of those who hitherto have boldly used the power intrusted to them.

204. Shouting their emulation, each vying with the other as to who should proclaim his satisfaction the louder.

205. to defend . . . wisdoms, for the protection of these boons in the exercise of that wisdom with which they credit themselves.

206. Originally two in number, the tribunes were afterwards increased to five, and later on to ten, two for each of the five classes of plebeians.

207. and I know not, who the others were I have forgotten: 's death, (by) God's death, *i.e.* the crucifixion of Christ; so, 's blood, by God's blood; 's life, by God's life; 's wounds, or *sounds*, by God's wounds.

210. Win upon power, gradually make an inroad upon the power wielded by the nobles.

211. For . . . arguing, for insurgents to debate upon, the abstract for the concrete.

212. fragments, mere portions of men; none of you worthy to be called a man.

215. 6. to vent . . . superfluity, to get rid of the worthless fellows of whom we have such superabundance. To vent is to sell, and the idea is that of getting rid to foreigners of goods not fit for home consumption, here of course by getting them killed off.

216. our best elders, our noble senators; the *patres*, fathers of state.

220. I sin . . . nobility, if envy is a sin, then I am guilty of that sin, for I do envy his nobleness of character.

222. only he, none other than he is; he for *him*.

223. half . . . world, one half of the world to the other half; by the ears, quarreling; the metaphor is that of dogs seizing each other by the ears.

224. Upon my party, taking my side of the quarrel.

231. stiff, with age : stand'st out ? do you stand aloof from this contest ?

237. Right . . . priority, you being well worthy of precedence ; the accusative after worthy, and without the preposition of, is frequent in Shakespeare.

240. mutiners, a form similar to *pioneer, mulster, engineer*, all of which Shakespeare uses.

241. puts well forth, shoots out, buds, abundantly.

245. Nay, but his taunts, you speak of his lip and eyes, but scornful as they were, they were nothing to his taunts.

246. Being moved . . . gods, when provoked, he will not hesitate to gibe even at the gods ; gird is the same as to *gripe*, to strike, pierce.

247. Be-mock, one of the forces of *be-* in composition is that of intensifying, as here ; modest, because representing the chaste goddess Diana.

248. The present . . . him ! may the war now at hand swallow him up ! an imprecation.

250. 1. success, meaning literally what follows, was in Shakespeare's day frequently used with such epithets as *good, bad, best*, and we still speak of *ill, fair*, success ; at noon, the sun then being vertical, a man necessarily treads on his own shadow.

253. the which, " generally used either . . . where the antecedent, or some word like the antecedent, is repeated, or else where such a repetition could be made if desired. In almost all cases there are two or more possible antecedents from which selection could be made " (Abb. § 270).

254. In whom . . . grac'd, with whose favors he has already been plentifully decked ; for *who* personifying irrational antecedents, see Abb. § 264.

258. giddy censure, the fickle opinion of the multitude ; censure, originally meaning nothing more than opinion, later on came to mean blame, in consequence of the greater readiness of men to form an unfavorable than a favorable opinion of the actions of others ; but in Shakespeare it is more frequently used in a neutral sense, implying neither a good nor a bad estimate.

261. Opinion . . . Marcius, favorable opinion that cleaves so firmly to everything that Marcius does.

262. demerits and *merits* were in Shakespeare's time used interchangeably.

264. his, *sc.* Cominius's.

267. How . . . made, the manner in which the business of sending forth the troops is managed.

267-9. and in . . . action, and anything noticeable, beyond

his characteristic impetuosity and pride, in the manner in which he goes forth to the war.

SCENE II.

2. *are* enter'd expresses the present state, *have* enter'd would express the activity necessary to cause that state; for in = into, see Abb. § 159.

4 6. What ever . . . circumvention? What plans have we ever formed and been able to carry out without Rome's outwitting us?

9. press'd a power, enrolled a force. Wedgwood (*Dict.*) has shown that press'd, in the sense of "compelled to serve," has nothing to do with "press" in the sense of "crush," 'squeeze,' but is a corruption of *prest*, ready, *prest*-money being ready money advanced when a man was hired for service. "At a later period," he says, "the practice of taking men for the public service by *compulsion* made the word to be understood as if it signified to *force* men into the service, and the original reference to earnest money was quite lost sight of."

16. Whither 't is bent, to their destination, whatever it may be.

19. To answer us, to meet us in the field.

20. great pretences, important designs.

21. needs, of necessity; the old genitive used adverbially; cp. *whiles*, *twice* (*i.e.* *twies*), etc.: in the hatching, while they were being brought to the birth.

23. shorten'd in our aim, curbed in our projects.

24. To take in, to capture.

28, 9. If they . . . army, if they should besiege us, bring up your army to cause them to raise the siege.

30. They 've not . . . us, that this preparation of theirs is not intended against us.

SCENE III.

2. more comfortable sort, more cheerful manner.

8, 9. how honor . . . person, in what way honor would best lend a charm to one so comely in appearance; what kind of honor would be most in keeping with his look and bearing.

12. cruel, bloody, fierce.

13. his brows bound with oak, the oaken garland was an honor granted to one who had saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle and slain his opponent. 'It ensured the wearer a place next the senators in public assemblies, where all rose as he entered. Coriolanus obtained the garland at the battle of the Lake Regillus, B.C. 498.

13, 4. I sprang . . . joy, my heart did not leap with great exultation : a man-child, a male child, a boy.

24. to retire myself, to retire to my own chamber. "The predilection for transitive verbs was perhaps one among other causes why many verbs which are now used intransitively, were used by Shakespeare reflexively. Many of these were derived from the French" (Abb. § 296).

32. mail'd hand, hand gauntleted in mail; armor made of links of steel.

33, 4. Like to . . . hire, like a laborer hired for the harvest on the condition that he shall get in the whole crop, or receive no wages for his labor; for the transposition of *or*, which belongs properly to *to mow*, see Abb. § 420.

37. Than gilt his trophy, than the plating of gold adorns a monument erected to a man; trophy, literally a monument erected at the spot where the enemy turned and fled.

39, 40. when it spit . . . contemning, when, as though in scorn of their blows, the blood spurted from his wounds in the face of his foes; the blood is spoken of as though animated with the contempt felt by him from whom it was drawn.

41. fit, prepared, ready.

48. you are manifest housekeepers, you are thorough stay-at-homes; *keep*, in the sense of *remain*, *abide*, is frequent in Shakespeare. manifest, well known.

49. A fine spot, a pretty pattern of embroidery; so, *Oth.* iii. 3. 435, "Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief *Spotted* with strawberries in your wife's hand?" *i.e.* embroidered with strawberries.

55. O' my troth, I assure you; literally on, *i.e.* by, my truth: looked upon him, watched him playing about.

56. has, on the omission of the pronoun before *has*, *is*, *was*, see Abb. § 400: confirmed, resolute, determined.

57. gilded, gay-colored.

59-61. or whether . . . tear it, whether his tumble had made him angry, or what was the reason, I don't know, but, etc. For the superfluous or before *whether*, see Abb. § 136.

61. O, I warrant . . . it! I can't tell you how viciously he tore it to pieces; *mammock'd*, *mammock*, a fragrant.

64. A crack, "a slightly contemptuous phrase applied to a child, and used by Valeria to qualify the compliments of her visitor" (Wright). Grant White thinks that "boys may have been so called on account of their talkative, boastful dispositions."

65. stitchery, your stitching; the work upon which you are engaged as stitchers.

66. hus-wife, house-wife; now used only in the corrupted form *hussy*, a pert girl.

70. by your patience, if you will pardon me.
 73. go visit, for the omission of *to*, see Abb. § 349: that lies in, who has just had a child born to her.
 77. want love, am lacking in good feeling.
 78. You would . . . Penelope, you wish to show your loyalty to your husband as strongly as Penelope; who, when Ulysses was at the siege of Troy, and she was pestered by suitors, promised to make her choice among them as soon as she finished a web she was weaving, but, to gain time, undid at night the work she had done by day.
 80. I would, I could wish: cambric, a kind of fine white linen. "A corruption of Cambray, a town in Flanders, where it was first made" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*). Cp. *arras*, from Arras, in Artois; *jane*, from Genoa; *frieze*, from Friesland, etc. etc.: sensible, capable of feeling pain.
 81. leave . . . pity, cease thrusting your needle into it out of mere pity.
 96, 7. and so . . . us, *i.e.* since I have been able to give you news which may set your heart at rest.
 98. Give me excuse, allow me to excuse myself; little more than a periphrastical way of saying "excuse me," though with a flavor of greater courtesy.
 100, 1. as she is . . . mirth, in her present frame of mind, she would, if she accompanied us, only spoil our enjoyment, which will be greater without her; better, used proleptically.
 105. at a word, in a word.

SCENE IV.

4. have not . . . yet, have not as yet encountered one another.
 5. So . . . mine, there you see, you have lost your wager.
 9. 'larum, alarum, sounding to arms; Ital. *all' arme*, to arms!
 10. make . . . work, help us to finish off our work here (*sc.* the taking of the town) quickly.
 11. with smoking swords, with our swords freshly reeking with the blood of our slain enemies.
 12. fielded, who have taken the field for battle.
 14, 5. No, nor . . . little, no, nor any one whose fear of you is greater than his, and that (fear) is absolutely nothing. That this is what Shakespeare meant is evident; but, as Malone has shown, he constantly entangled himself in his use of *more* and *less* and of negatives.
 17. pound, confine as in a pound, or pinfold; the *pound* is an enclosure common in villages in which animals straying

from their owner's land are shut up until a fine is paid for their recovery.

20, 21. list . . . army, you may guess from the sound of his drums how he has forced his way through your army, and is now making short work of its destruction.

22. Their noise . . . instruction, let the fury with which, as the noise shows, their conflict is raging, teach us how to fight like them.

25. more proof, more completely impenetrable; weapons are "proved" before being issued for sale by subjecting them to a greater strain than is likely to be put upon them in use.

26. much . . . thoughts, with an audacity such as we never expected.

27. Which, their so disdaining us.

30. contagion of the south, Shakespeare frequently speaks of the south and the south wind as being pestilential.

31-4. You shames . . . mile! you disgraces to your native country! you herd of—(here Coriolanus breaks off without adding the epithet he had intended, and pours down curses upon them), may you be covered from head to foot with boils and plague-sores, so that your stench may make you loathed even when too far off to be seen, and your infection be borne from one to another in the very teeth of the wind however far you may be apart.

36. Pluto and hell! Hades, or Pluto, properly the god of wealth, was in Grecian mythology the ruler of the nether world, the abode of the shades, or departed spirits.

38. Mend . . . home, recover your courage and pierce their ranks with your charge; home, in good earnest.

40. make my wars, direct my onset; look to't, take care to obey my words.

43. prove good seconds, worthily second, support, my efforts.

44, 5. 'T is for . . . fliers, it is to admit us, the pursuers, that fortune opens them so wide, not to protect these run-aways.

47. To the pot, . . . him, he has gone to certain destruction; cp. our colloquial phrase "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

50. who, and they.

53. 4. Who sensibly . . . up, who though capable of pain shows himself less susceptible to it than his inanimate sword, and stands up erect and fearless even when it yields as though in awe.

55. a carbuncle is originally a glowing coal, from Lat. *carbunculus*, a small coal; then a gem, and lastly a boil which from its fiery appearance resembles a live coal. "A name

variously applied to precious stones of a red or fiery color ; the carbuncles of the ancients (of which Pliny describes twelve varieties) were probably sapphires, spinels or rubies, and garnets ; in the Middle Ages and later, besides being a name for the ruby, the term was especially applied to a mythical gem said to emit a light in the dark ; in modern lapidary work the term is applied to the garnet when cut *en cabochon*, or of a boss form, usually hollowed out to allow the color of the stone to be seen " (Murray, *Eng. Dict.*).

57. Even . . . wish, exactly such as Cato would have desired ; for to = up to, see Abb. § 187.

59. thy sounds, the sound of your blows on the armor of your foes.

61. feverous, feverish.

62. Let's fetch . . . alike, let us rescue him from his pursuers, or stand by him to repel them ; make remain, merely a periphrasis for *remain*.

SCENE V.

3. A murrain on't, plague on it! curse it! murrain, an infectious disease among cattle, ultimately from Lat. *mori*, to die.

STAGE DIRECTION, a trumpet, *i.e.* trumpeter ; as standard for standard-bearer.

4. these movers, these fellows who are so busy ransacking every hole and corner for plunder.

4, 5. that do . . . drachma, that think their time well spent if they can secure the smallest booty. The drachma, literally a handful, was a Greek coin varying in value from 9½d. to 1s. 3d., and a crack'd drachma, *i.e.* cracked so as to be uncurrent, would of course be worth still less. The coin is still current in Greece.

6. Irons of a doit, bits of iron worth no more than a doit ; of, worth ; doit, a small Dutch coin, Du. *duit*.

6. doublet, properly an inner garment which served, so to speak, as a lining or double to the outer one. Wright remarks, "Shakespeare dressed his ancient Romans like the English of his own day. In the same way he makes the English custom of giving to executioners the clothes of their victims as a perquisite prevail in Rome."

10. of my soul's hate, whom I hate from the bottom of my soul.

11. Piercing, forcing his way through.

12. Convenient . . . city! a force sufficient to hold the city.

16. a second course, as though fighting were as a feast to him; with an allusion to the second or principal course of viands at a dinner.

18. physical, medicinal, restorative.

21. her great charms, here charms is used in the sense of fascinations of beauty, but with a secondary allusion to the magic spells of sorcerers, witches, etc.

22. Misguide . . . swords! turn aside the blows of your enemies.

23. be thy page, follow your footsteps, as a page follows his master.

23, 4. Thy friend . . . highest! may she be as firm a friend to you as to those whom she raises to the greatest heights of prosperity!

SCENE VI.

1-3. we are . . . retire, we have acquitted ourselves in the combat worthily of our race, neither foolishly attempting to maintain an untenable position, nor cowardly retreating while it was possible to make it good.

5. By interims . . . gusts, at intervals and by means of the wind blowing in this direction.

16. briefly, referring to *past* time, is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare.

17. confound, spend to such poor purpose.

28, 9. Ay, if . . . own, yes, if the blood with which you are covered, as by a mantle, is your own and not that drawn from your foes. clip, embrace, as frequently in Shakespeare.

32. And tapers . . . bedward, and the lighted tapers were being carried to conduct me to bed; for the tmesis into bedward, = toward bed, cp. i. *H. VI.* iii. 3. 30, "Their powers are marching *unto* Paris-ward," i.e. in the direction of Paris.

38, 9. Even like . . . will, just as the game-keeper with the eager greyhound in the leash, holding him back or letting him go in pursuit of the game just as he pleases.

40. beat . . . trenches, driven you back to your own entrenchments.

42. inform the truth, gave you true information: but for our gentlemen, if it had not been for our gentry.

43. The common file, the rank and file, as opposed to the officers; a plague! curse them! tribunes for them! they are a nice lot to have tribunes to protect their rights!

46. For the omission of *so* after think, see Abb. § 64.

49, 50. We have . . . purpose, for some time we were getting the worst of the engagement and were obliged to retire in order to achieve our purpose.

51. How lies their battle? what is the disposition, battle-array, of their forces?

52. men of trust, most trustworthy troops.

53. vaward, front; "another spelling of *vanward* or *vanguard*" [which is from the O. F. *avant-warde*, Lat. *ab ante*] (*Skeat, Ety. Dict.*): Antiates, inhabitants of Antium, an ancient city of Latium, about twenty miles almost direct south of Corioli.

55. Their very . . . hope, the very center of their hope.

60. And that . . . present, and that you will not delay to deliver the attack at once.

64. balm, a contracted form of *balsam*, an aromatic plant.

73, 4. Let him . . . disposition, let him alone, or as many as are like-minded, declare by waving his sword aloft as I do, that such are his sentiments.

76. Of me . . . me? I have followed Singer in reading *Of* for *Oh*, though to give a stronger emphasis I have put a note of interrogation after *sword*, and repeated it after *me*. The meaning seems to be, do you by thus raising me in your arms, brandish me as it were your sword, the only sword you would use?

83. As cause . . . obey'd, according as the occasion may demand.

86, 7. Make good . . . us, prove that this display of valor is something more than display, and you shall have an equal share with us in the harvest that we reap.

SCENE VII.

1. So, very good: ports, gates.

3. centuries, bands of a hundred men each.

5. Fear not our care, do not doubt our being on the alert, being thoroughly watchful.

6. upon 's, behind us, as soon as we are out of them.

SCENE VIII.

2. We hate alike, your hatred cannot be greater than mine.

3, 4. More than . . . envy, more than I begrudge you your fame.

5. the first budger, the first of us to flinch.

6. doom, *sc.* to perdition.

7. Holloa . . . hare, pursue me with cries, like hunters when pursuing that timorous creature, the hare.

10. mask'd, disguised: for thy revenge, if you wish to take your revenge for the beatings you have received at my hands.

11. Wrench . . . highest, strain your efforts to the very utmost.

12. That was . . . progeny, must mean, as Johnson says, "the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks," of your being = possessed by your, and progeny being used for *race, ancestry*, the Romans claiming descent from the Trojans. But the expression is a very strange one : and it looks as though Shakespeare had confounded Hector and Achilles ; for Aufidius would hardly compliment Coriolanus on the prowess of his ancestor.

14, 5. Officious . . . seconds, by rendering me this assistance, you have disgraced me, and so far from proving your own valor, have only shown yourselves meddlers in what does not concern you ; Officious, obtrusive in offering assistance. In your condemned seconds, in seconding me in this accursed way ; In, by means of.

SCENE IX.

3. Where senators . . . smiles, in the senate-house where the relation will be certain to be received with mingled grief and joy ; grief at what you have gone through, joy at the glory you have won.

4, 5. Where great . . . admire, in assemblies of the patri-cians where, though at first they incredulously shrug their shoulders as they listen to the story, they will be certain to end by giving you due applause.

6. And, . . . more, and, enjoying the sensation of being so frightened, will be eager for more details of the same kind.

7. with . . . plebeians, like the rank-scented common-people ; fusty, literally, smelling of the cask, from O. F. *fuste*, a cask ; plebeians, accented on the first syllable : thine honors, the honors paid to you.

8. against their hearts, in opposition to their real feelings.

10, 11. Yet cam'st thou . . . before, in coming to take your share with us in the fighting here, you come as one who, having fully feasted, is still unsatisfied and would have more, however small the portion to be obtained.

12. Here is . . . caparison, Coriolanus has done all the fighting, our part in the business has been merely show ; ca-parison, from O. F. *caparasson*, . . .—Span. *caparazon*, a cover for a saddle or coach ; formed as a sort of augmentative from Span. *capa*, a cloak, mantle, cover " . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

18. his good will, that which he determinedly set himself to do.

19. Hath . . . act, has placed himself on a level with me.

19, 20. You shall . . . **deserving**, you shall not be allowed in this way to bury your great deeds in obscurity.

21. her own, *sc.* children.

23-5. and to silence . . . **modest**, and to hush in silence that which to proclaim aloft even to the highest pinnacle of eulogy would be but scanty justice; **vouch'd**, warranted.

29. To hear, at hearing; for the infinitive used indefinitely, see Abb. § 356.

29-31. Should they . . . **death**, not remembered, they would have good cause to fester in anger at ingratitude, and to probe themselves with mortal violence. To **tent** is to probe (a wound) with a *tent*, or roll of lint, in order to find out its extent and to cleanse it of matter; and here instead of the surgeon probing the wound in this salutary manner, the wound in its irritation would only induce death.

32. good and good store, valuable ones and those in plenty.

33. achieved, won; "from O.F. *achever*, *achiever*, to accomplish. Formed from the phrase *venir a chef* or *venir a chief*, to come to the end or arrive at one's object" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

39, 40. And stand . . . **doing**, and claim to share and share alike with those who were present at the action, even if they had no part in it.

41-6. May these . . . **wars**! may these instruments, which you profane by using them for the purpose of proclaiming my triumphs, never be allowed to sound again! when drums and trumpets shall be employed in war for the purpose of flattery, we may well expect that courts and cities should wear one face of hypocritical cajolery; when steel grows soft as the silken garments of the fawning hangers-on of rich men, let it (him, the silk) be used as a protection in battle. In l. 46 the folios give an *Overture*. Those who retain an *Overture* (reading *them* for him), explain, "let these drums and trumpets be used as a prelude for wars." Now Shakespeare elsewhere uses *overture* only as = disclosure, communication, or as = proposal, offer; and in the contemporary dictionaries the word is found only in these and kindred senses, not in the modern sense of a prelude, or piece of music at the opening of a concert, opera, etc. I have therefore ventured in the place of *overture* to read *armature*, a word in use in Shakespeare's time, both literally and figuratively. I have also for the sake of the rhythm inserted is after as in l. 45. But I believe there is (as Lettsom suspected) a further corruption in l. 44. To **make** the contrast really forcible, we need instead of **Made** some such word as *Cleans'd*, *Purg'd*, *Freed*, *Stripp'd*.

44. soothing, flattery, cajolery.

45. parasite, a trencher-friend, a hanger-on; literally one who eats beside another at his table.

47. For that . . . wretch, because, forsooth, I have not stopped in the thick of the battle to wash my nose when it have got the better of some puny fellow.

48. without note, without anyone noticing them and thought, or ing it necessary to trumpet forth their praises.

51, 2. As if . . . lies, as though I were fond of having my poor merits fed upon praises seasoned with exaggeration.

53. your good report, the good report made about you.

54. give you truly, paint you in your true colors; by your patience, with your permission.

56. his proper harm, injury to himself; Lat. *proprius*, own.

59. Wears . . . garland, has earned and justly wears the chief glory of this war.

64. Caius Marcius Coriolanus, the first is the *prænomen* peculiar to the individual; the second, the *nomen*, or *nomen gentilicium*, or name of the clan to which he belonged; the third, the *agnomen*, or name, or title, added on (the addition of l. 66) given as an honorary distinction. Such *agnomina* were sometimes given, as here, by one general to another, sometimes by the army and confirmed by the general in chief, sometimes by the people assembled in public, and sometimes were assumed by the person himself.

68. fair, no longer smeared with blood and dirt.

69. howbeit, *how be it*, however it be.

71, 2. To undercrest . . . power, worthily, so far as I am able, wearing as a crest or distinctive badge the title you have been pleased to confer upon me; *crest*, literally, the comb or tuft on a bird's head, then the "cognizance" worn on the top of the helmet to distinguish the wearer, now only an armorial bearing.

76. The best, "the chief men of Corioli" (Johnson); articulate, enter into negotiations, an *article* being a clause in a stipulation.

77. I shall, "when a person speaks of *his own* future actions as inevitable, he often regards them as inevitable only because fixed by himself" (Abb. § 318).

79. bound, obliged, destined.

83. cried to me, *sc.* when he was being carried off prisoner by the Roman soldiers.

SCENE X.

2. on good condition, on fair terms.

4, 5. for I cannot . . . am, for being a Volscian and therefore obliged to submit to terms, my former proud independence is at an end.

6, 7. **What good . . . mercy?** there seems to be a mixture of meanings here between "what good quality can a treaty find in those who lie at the mercy of the victors so as to treat them well," and "what good terms can a treaty find in behalf of those that lie," etc.

12, 3. **mine emulation . . . had,** my rivalry with him is no longer of that honorable nature it once was: where, whereas.

14. **I thought . . . force,** I hoped to meet him in hand to hand conflict without any adventitious aid, and overcome him; for in, see note on i. 8. 15.

15, 6. **I'll potch . . . him,** I will seek his life, just as eagerly by secret assassination as by open combat; **potch**, "to thrust, poke . . . Merely a weakened form of *poke*, just as *pitch* is of *pick*, *stitch* of *stick*, etc." (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): **get**, = lay hold of.

18, 9. **for him . . . itself,** and on his account shall abandon its natural character: **nor sanctuary,** from old times the person of a man who had taken refuge in a sacred building was inviolable.

21. **times of sacrifice,** when the commission of murder would be doubly heinous.

22. **Embarquements . . . fury,** any of which should be sufficient to put a curb upon fury; Span. *embargo*, seizure, arrest.

22-4. **shall lift . . . Marcius,** shall have power to assert their musty privilege in opposition to the hatred I bear to Marcius; **rotten**, antiquated, to him no longer time-honored: **where, wherever.**

26. **Against . . . canon,** in the teeth of the law of hospitality which makes a guest a sacred person.

30. **attended, expected, awaited,** by friends.

31. **'T is south . . . mills.** Wright remarks: "It is worth while observing, as an indication that in such cases of local coloring Shakespeare had probably London in his mind, that in the year 1588 the Mayor and Corporation of the City petitioned the Queen that they might build four corn mills on the river Thames, near the bridge, and the masters of the Trinity House certified that the erection of these mills 'on the south side of the Thames upon the Starlings above the bridge' would breed no annoyance. The 'city mills' therefore in Shakespeare's time were close to the Globe Theatre," *i.e.* the theatre in which Shakespeare's plays were brought out.

ACT II. SCENE I.

1. **augurer.** An augur was a priest at Rome who interpreted the will of the gods from the flight and singing of birds; though in later times auguries were derived from various

other signs than those given by birds. The augurs did not foretell future events, but simply announced that certain signs were favorable or unfavorable, and taught what was to be done or not to be done.

6. who does . . . love? do you mean to say that the wolf loves any one? For instances of the uninflected *who*, see Abb. § 274.

8. Ay, to devour him, in one way he may be said to love him, the way of devouring him.

11. lives like a lamb, lives as peaceable and harmless a life as, etc.

14, 5. In what . . . abundance? is there any great fault of which Marcius has some small share in which you two do not richly abound? For instances of the double preposition, see Abb. § 407.

20. censured, estimated: of, by: o' the . . . file, us the aristocrats; probably with an allusion to the fact that the Government party in the House of Commons sit on the right hand of the Speaker.

23, 4. Because . . . angry? since you were just speaking of pride, you won't be angry at what I am about to say, will you?

25. Well . . . well, said with great impatience at the idea of being taken to task.

26, 7. Why . . . patience, there's no need for you to be so crusty, it is but a trifle I was about to mention; though for that matter it is evident that the smallest provocation is enough to exhaust your patience pretty well.

32. I know . . . alone, Menenius, catching up the words, pretends to understand them in the sense of doing a thing of their own motion, unaided.

33. single, with a play on the word in the senses of (1) alone, (2) silly, purposeless.

35-7. O that . . . selves! "with allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbors' faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own" (Johnson).

40. testy, headstrong; O. F. *teste*, head, mod. F. *tête*.

43. humorous, light-hearted, merry; full of quips and jests.

44. with not . . . Tiber, without a drop of water to qualify it; Steevens points out that Lovelace, in his *Verses to Althea from Prison*, has borrowed this expression, "When flowing cups run swiftly round With no *allaying Thames*."

45, 6. said to be . . . complaint, commonly reported to have the failing of deciding in favor of the first complainant, with-

out waiting to hear the other side; tinder-like, quick to catch fire: motion, provocation, incitement.

49. spend . . . breath, though perhaps too ready to fly into a passion, yet forgetting my anger immediately: wealsmen, such careful guardians of the public welfare; said sarcastically, of course.

50. I cannot . . . Lycurguses, I wish I could say you are as wise as Lycurgus, but I can't; Lycurgus, the celebrated Spartan lawgiver.

52-4. I can't say . . . syllables, when I find the mark of the ass so conspicuous in your conversation, I can't pretend to compliment you on the wisdom of your pronouncements.

56-9. If you see . . . too? if what I have described myself as being is evident to you, does it follow that I, like you, am well known to every one? further, if I am well enough known, what is there in this character of mine that your purblind vision can discern as being objectionable? The old man is much nettled by the taunt that he is well enough known, and dwells on it with angry iteration. map of my microcosm, i.e. the little world of a man's nature seen in his appearance, as the material world is seen in a map: bisson, *M. E. bisen*, purblind, *A. S. bisen*; conspectuities, a coinage of Shakespeare's from Lat. *conspectus*, sight.

62. ambitious . . . legs, you think it a fine thing to have poor wretches taking off their caps and bowing low before you.

64. orangewife, an old crone who sells oranges: fosset-seller, a seller of trifles like spigots to be inserted in casks; now spelt *faucet*.

64, 5. and then . . . audience, and then adjourn to a further hearing a trumpery cause of dispute, a dispute that any sensible man would settle in five minutes: rejourn, Lat. *re-*, back, and O. F. *jornee*, Mod. F. *journee*, a morning.

68. mummers, maskers, buffoons; from "O. F. *monneur*, a mummer . . . The origin is imitative, from the sound *mum* or *mom*, used by nurses to frighten children, like the E. *bo*. See Wedgwood, who refers to the habit of nurses who wish to frighten or amuse children, and for this purpose cover their faces and say *mum!* or *bo!* whence the notion of masking to give amusement" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*). set up . . . patience, declare war against all patience, utterly scout the idea of listening with any patience.

69. dismiss . . . bleeding, send the disputants way without, any attempt to heal their quarrel. The metaphor from war is carried on.

73-5. you are well . . . Capitol, everyone knows that you have a much better right to a seat at a dinner table, where

your sallies of wit are welcomed, than to a seat on a bench of justice, where your decisions are laughed at.

76. Our very . . . mockers, even our priests, whose office implies the most solemn gravity of countenance, will be unable to resist laughing.

83. since Deucalion, since the flood; Deucalion, king of Phthia in Thessaly, and his wife, Pyrrha, were on account of their piety saved in a boat when during a nine days' flood Zeus destroyed the race of men in consequence of the impiety of Lycaon, king of Arcadia.

83. 4. though . . . hangmen, even though one should pay you the extravagant compliment of supposing that some of them held so high a position as that of hereditary hangman.

84. God-den, good evening, farewell; literally God give you good even.

84. 5. your worships, giving them the title with ironical courtesy.

96. Take . . . Jupiter, "he throws up his cap into the air, Jupiter being especially the god of the sky" (Wright); and I thank thee, and my gratitude also.

107. sovereign, supremely efficacious: Galen, the famous Greek physician, a native of Pergamum, A.D. 130; of course an anachronism: empiricuteic, Ingleby acutely suggests that this word "belongs to a very definite class of misprints, which we may call *duplicative* . . . This is an error . . . [which] exemplifies the tendency of writers and compositors to repeat some syllable in a word which is susceptible of two forms of spelling: as, in this case, with a *qu*, or a *ck*."

108. to this, compared to this: of no better report, not worth more than; a horsedrench, what we now call a bran-mash, a mixture of malt or bran with hot water, given to sick or overworked horses.

113. 4. brings a' . . . pocket? Menenius speaks as though victory so completely belonged to Marcius that he carried it about with him, as he would carry his handkerchief in his pocket; a', both a and ha are found in Old English and were used not only for *he*, but for *she*, *it*, *they*: become, suit, adorn.

115. On 's brows, not in his pocket, says Volumnia, humorously correcting Menenius, out on his forehead, where he wears the chaplet of oak leaves.

121. an, see Abb. § 101: stayed by him, continued to face him: fidiused, beaten as he would have beaten Aufidius.

128. there 's, for the inflection in *s* before a plural subject, see Abb. § 335.

132. pow, wow, pooh, pooh; nonsense, there's no doubt of that.

139. his place, the consulship which he expects to obtain: in the . . . Tarquin, in the battle of the Lake Regillus fought against Tarquinius Superbus, who was expelled in consequence of his various acts of despotism, and more than once with the aid of the Latins and the Etruscans endeavored to regain his throne.

145. 6. every gash . . . grave, for every wound he received, he slew an enemy.

147. These are . . . Marcius, these trumpets are the customary heralds of Marcius's approach; ushers, O. F. *uissier*, Lat. *ostiarius*, a door-keeper.

149. nervy, sinewy. Grant White believes ll. 149, 50 to be spurious, and they certainly do not sound like Shakespeare.

STAGE DIRECTION. sennet, a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet; origin unknown.

153. to, in addition to: these, *sc.* names.

164. But, O, thy wife! but see, here is your wife to welcome you: My gracious silence, abstract for concrete; gracious, lovely: hail, health to you; a common salutation; A. S. *hael*, health.

169. And live you yet? said jestingly to his faithful old friend; pardon, *sc.* for his not having greeted her before.

173. light and heavy, joyous and sad; joyous at seeing those returned, sad at missing so many that went forth to the war.

176. should, ought to: dote, be fond even to foolishness.

177. 8. We have . . . relish, there are among us certain sour-tempered old fellows that will not be brought to be in sympathy with you; will not assimilate with you as a tree which is grafted with a new variety assimilates its fruit to that of the graft inserted in its stem.

181. Menenius ever, ever, always the same humorous old fellow; ever himself.

185. change of honors, variety of honors; as change of raiment, among the writers of that time, signified *variety* of raiment.

187. 8. To see . . . fancy, to see my dearest wishes granted and the castles I built in the air become substantial realities.

193. the bleared sights, dim-sighted old men.

194. Are spectacled, have put on their spectacles: your, for this colloquial use of your, see note on i. l. 118.

195. a rapture, a paroxysm, fit. Ingleby accepts the conjecture *rupture*, and supports it by quoting *Phioravante's Secrets*, 1582; but it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare would employ such coarse realism.

196. kitchen malkin, kitchen wench, scullery maid; mal-

kin, "The diminutive of *Mal* (Mary), a contemptuous term for a coarse wench" (Dyce, *Gloss.*).

197. Her richest lockram, her finest neck-kerchief; lockram, "a cheap kind of linen—*F. locrenan* . . . named from the place in Brittany where it is manufactured" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*); reechy, begrimed with the smoke of the kitchen; a weakened form of *reeky*.

198. stalls, outside shops, in which goods were exposed for sale; bulks, frameworks projecting from the front of a shop, much the same as stalls. Stalls are still seen on market-days, though generally in the open market-place.

199. Are smother'd up, are crowded so as to be completely hidden; leads, the leadroofed tops of houses; ridges, the wedge-shaped roofs, as opposed to the flat ones: horsed, bestridden.

201. seld-shown, that seldom show themselves in public; seld, according to Skeat, an adverbial form from a Teutonic adjective *selda*, = rare, strange, found in such compounds as *seld-cuth*, rare, *seld-sine*, seldom seen.

202. among . . . throngs, *i.e.* which on ordinary occasions they would have shunned as contaminating them: puff, are out of breath from their exertions.

203. a vulgar station, a standing place such as those occupied by ordinary spectators.

203-6. our veil'd dames . . . kisses, our high-born ladies, usually so careful to shade their faces, now in their excitement risk ruining their complexion by going about in the sun without their veils; nicely-gawded, daintily adorned, *sc.* with pink and white.

206. such a pothor, such is the turmoil, excitement.

207-9. As if . . . posture, as if that god, whoever it be that attends him through life, had cunningly made himself incarnate in Marcius and endowed him with every grace of movement; human powers, the capabilities which he as a man possesses. The idea that men were accompanied through life by good and evil spirits is a very old one, and is several times alluded to by Shakespeare.

209, 10. On the sudden . . . consul, on the spur of the moment, carried away by enthusiasm at his exploits, they will, without doubt, elect him to the consulship.

212, 13. He cannot . . . end, it will be impossible for a man of his nature to bear from first to last the honors laid upon him, without giving way to an arrogance which will cause a revulsion of feeling against him.

214-19. Doubt not . . . do 't, you may be assured that the plebeians, whom we represent, prompted by their former ill-will towards him, will, if the least cause be given, speedily forget

that they have laid these new honors upon him; and that he will give them such cause is as certain to my mind as that his pride would enjoy doing so.

221. *Appear i' the market-place*, present himself in the forum, as it was customary for candidates to do when canvassing for votes.

222. *The napless . . . humility*, the threadbare toga worn by candidates to signify that they humbly sought the approval of the electors. "For the custom of Rome was at that time, that such as did sue for any office, should for certain days before be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness" (Skeat, *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, p. 14).

225. *miss it, lose it, etc.*, the consulship.

226. 7. *but by . . . nobles*, unless the gentlefolk entreated him to accept the honor, and the nobles expressed a like desire.

230. 1. *It shall . . . destruction*, such a procedure on his part, like our efforts in the same direction, will be certain to ensure his ruin; good wills, earnest endeavors.

231. 2. *So it . . . authorities*, such (*viz.* ruin) must be the result either to him or to the exercise of our powers: *For an end*, as a means to effect our object.

234. *still. ever : to 's power*, up to his power, so far as his ability went; see Abb. §187.

236. *Disproportioned their freedoms*, stripped them of such privileges as were particularly their own.

237. *In human . . . capacity*. so far as concerns any capacity to act like men.

239. *provand, from "F. provende"*, provender . . . — Lat. *praebenda*, a payment; in late Lat. a daily allowance of provisions . . . Feminine of *praebendus*, passive future participle of *praebere*, to afford, give" (Skeat, *Ety. Dic.*).

252. *scarfs and handkerchers*, here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them: *handkerchers*, a corrupted form of *handkerchiefs*, a word made up of *hand*, and *F. couvre chef*, covering for the head.

SCENE II.

3. of every one, by every one; see Abb. § 168.

4. carry it, succeed; it, used indefinitely.

7. Faith, assuredly; literally, in faith.

13. in their disposition, of their real character; in, = about: out of . . . carelessness, as a consequence of that magnanimity which does not allow itself to be troubled with trifles.

16, 7. 'twixt . . . harm, a confusion of constructions between " 'twixt doing them good or harm" and " 'twixt two courses, with the result of doing them neither good nor harm."

19. may fully . . . opposite, may show in the plainest possible manner that he is an enemy to them.

21. to flatter them, namely, flattering them.

23. as those, as that of those.

24. bonneted, took off their caps with humble gesture.

24-6. without . . . report, unlike a hero such as Marcius, having performed no exploits to bring them into honor with the people, and purchase their good report.

STAGE DIRECTION. Lictors, public officers who attended on the chief Roman magistrates. They had to inflict punishment on condemned persons, to enforce proper respect's being shown to a magistrate passing by, to clear the road, etc. As a symbol of their office they carried *fascēs*, rods bound in the form of a bundle, and containing an axe in the middle, the head of which was turned outwards.

34. of, in regard to.

44, 5. to remember . . . himself, to show our remembrance of his exploits by paying him the honors he has so worthily won.

46-8. make . . . out, by your relation of his services lead us to think it is rather that the resources of the state are inadequate to reward him than that we are wanting in the will to make those rewards extend commensurately to his deserts.

49-51. and after . . . here, and afterwards, after hearing what we have to say, to use your most persuasive efforts with the people to ratify what meets with the assent of this assembly.

51, 2. We are . . . treaty, the agreement we are called together to consider is a pleasing one to us.

54-7. Which the rather . . . at, and to this inclination (to honor Marcius) we shall be all the more ready to yield if he on his part will be mindful to show that he has a more generous estimate of the people than he has hitherto evidenced.

57. That 's off, that 's off, that 's nothing to do with the matter.

60. more pertinent, *sc.* to the matter; more in point.

68. disbench'd you, caused you to leave your seat.

70. You soothed . . . not, you used no flattery, and therefore did me no harm.

72. one . . . sun, *i.e.*, sit doing nothing.

73. when the . . . struck, when the signal for battle was sounded.

74. To hear . . . monster'd, to hear my poor endeavors magnified into something extraordinary.

75-8. Your multiplying . . . hear it? how can you expect him to flatter this countless fry, the people, of whom not one in a thousand is worth anything, when you see that he would rather risk breaking his every limb in the pursuit of honor than expose one of his ears to the torture of listening to a narrative of his deeds. The addition of multiplying intensifies the scorn of the expression.

85. made a head, raised a force.

86. our then dictator, for then, used as an adjective, see Abb. § 77.

88. Amazonian chin, beardless chin.

89. bestrid, stood over to protect.

92. struck . . . knee, struck him to his knee; struck him a blow that brought him on his knees.

95, 6. His pupil age . . . thus, he in his minority having thus enrolled himself as a man.

98. He lurch'd . . . garland. A writer in the *Ed. Rev.* says, "Shakespeare evidently uses the verb *lurch* literally to devour eagerly, 'ravin up,' gulp down, and in the secondary sense to seize violently upon, rob, engross, absorb." In this sense, he says, the word was used, among others, by Bacon and Milton; and after quoting from Warner, "Hence country-louts *land-lurch* their lords," and "when Spayne would sceptres *lurch*," he adds, "To *lurch* all swords of the garland, means therefore not only to rob all swords of the garland, but to carry it away from them with an easy and victorious swoop."

100. I cannot . . . home, I cannot describe his valor in any adequate terms of praise.

104, 5. his sword . . . took, his sword, which was as the stamp of death; wherever it made its impression, did so fatally.

107. Was timed . . . cries, the cries of the dying kept time with each motion of his.

108. The mortal gate, the gate round which death was raging.

108. 9. which he painted . . . destiny, Coriolanus set his bloody mark upon the gate, or upon the city, indicating that it was his by an inevitable fate, as plague-stricken houses were painted with a red cross.

111. like a planet, the supposed malignant influence of planets is frequently referred to in Shakespeare: now all 's his, the speaker puts himself into Coriolanus's position at the time of receiving the re-inforcement, when he might be imagined to exclaim, "Now all 's mine!"

113. His ready sense, his hearing so quick to take in all sounds of fighting: straight, straightway, in an instant.

114. Re-quickened . . . fatigate, put fresh life into such bodily energies as had become fatigued; the primary sense of *quick* is living, lively; fatigate, weary.

115-7. where he did . . . spoil, Coriolanus is compared to a continuous stream of blood, which marked the course of his slaughtering sword.

118. stood, paused.

120. 1. He cannot . . . him, whatever the honors we may devise for him, they are certain to fit him, as though they were a garment for which he had been measured.

124. misery, avarice; abstract for concrete.

124. 5. rewards . . . them, finds sufficient reward for his deeds in doing them.

125. 6. and is . . . it, and thinks of nothing but getting to the end of the time he has to spend in such work.

137. Must . . . voices, must be allowed to give their votes in the election: bate, abate, consent to forego.

138. jot, the smallest portion; Gk. iota, the letter *i*, the smallest in the Greek alphabet: Put them not to 't, do not drive them into a strait by refusing to follow the usual custom.

146. for the hire, in order to obtain the loan.

147. breath, voices in his favor: stand upon 't, insist upon being allowed to dispense with the usual custom.

148. 9. We recommend . . . them, we in all kindness commit to you the duty of making known to the people our wishes in the matter.

153-5. He will . . . give, he will ask them in a manner as if he scorned their being in a position to grant that which he desires of them.

157. attend, await.

SCENE III.

STAGE DIRECTION. The Forum, originally only a market-place, as it is called in this play, was a space of open ground between the Capitoline hill and the Velian ridge, used for

public assemblies. As Rome became larger, several other *fora* were built, as the Forum Julium, the Forum Augusti, etc.

1. Once. once for all.

4, 5. We have . . . do, "*power* first signifies *natural power*, or *force*, and then *moral power*, or *right*" (Johnson).

13, 14. And to make . . . serve, and it will not take much to make him call us monsters: once we stood, once *when* we stood.

15. stuck not, did not hesitate.

20, 1. and their consent . . . compass, and the only agreement they would show would be to disagree as widely as the points of the compass are asunder.

25. 't is strongly . . . block-head, there is no escape for an idea out of a head so dense.

29. rotten, proleptically used for causing things to rot.

29, 30. for conscience sake, being ashamed to leave you utterly bare of sense; for the possessive case ending in *-ce* written without the apostrophe with *-s*, see Abb. § 471: to help . . . wife, *i.e.* for which very little wit is required.

33. to give your voices, *sc.* in favor of Marcius.

40. by particulars. of us separately.

40, 1. wherein . . . honor, for in that way each one has individually the honor of giving, etc.

43. go by him, pass in front of him.

45. you are not right, you are in the wrong in wishing to dispense with the ordinary practice.

47, 8. I cannot . . . pace, I cannot bring my tongue to use such mincing gait.

53. To think upon you, to give you their favorable consideration.

54, 5. I would . . . 'em, I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous principles which are only thrown away upon them when preached to them by our divines; 'em, not a contraction of *them*, but representing the old *heom*, *hem*, dative and accusative plural of *he*.

68. we hope . . . you, we hope for something in return.

69. your price, the price you put upon your bestowal of the consulship.

72. shall be . . . private, shall be shown to you when we are alone.

76. your alms, *i.e.* since he was acting as a beggar.

78. An 't were . . . again, if one had to be asked for one's vote again . . . (I should refuse mine).

79. stand with, be in accord with.

85, 6. You have . . . friends, if on the one hand you can claim the credit of having been a scourge to her enemies, you have on the other the discredit of being a rod, etc.

89. common in my love, ready to give my love to any who sought it.

89, 90. my sworn brother, "an expression originally derived from the *fratres jurati*, who in the days of chivalry mutually bound themselves by oath to share each other's fortune" (Dyce, *Gloss.*): estimation, esteem.

91. a condition . . . gentle, to do so is to show a disposition which they consider amiable.

91-4. and since . . . counterfeitedly, and since they in their wisdom think more of the outward signs of courtesy than of real love, I will study to ingratiate myself with them by courtly bows, and will take off my cap to them with the best affectation of deference.

101. I will not . . . them, I will not confirm your knowledge of the wounds I have received by giving you ocular proof of them; the seal being necessary to give validity to a document.

105. Most sweet voices! said, of course, in bitter irony.

108. woolvish, reference to the fable of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

109. Hob and Dick, *i.e.* every common fellow that has a vote; as we say colloquially "Every Tom, Dick, and Harry"; Hob, short for *Robert*, Dick, for *Richard*: that do appear, that make their appearance here.

110. needless vouches, testimony to my merit of which I stand in no need.

112. The dust . . . unswept, we should be leaving the dust to gather on the records of old time so that its character would be forgotten; time is spoken of as if it were a volume so covered with dust that no one would care to take it down from its shelf.

116, 7. I am . . . do, suddenly changing his tone, Marcius says, "I have submitted to so much that I may as well go through with the matter"; cp. *Macb.* iii. 4. 138, "I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

118. moe, originally *moe*, or *mo*, referred to number; *more*, to size.

122. and heard of, or at all events heard of; here, as in two dozen odd, some less, some more, Marcius is indulging in the sarcastic self-depreciation which he so enjoys in his intercourse with the plebeians.

131. stood your limitation, stood in the forum for the prescribed time to solicit their votes; gone through the prescribed ordeal of canvassing the people.

133. official marks, consular insignia.

134. Anon, at once; *on an*, in one (*sc.* instant): Is this done? is this matter completed?

136. admit, accept as consul.

137. upon your approbation, for the confirming of their choice.

145. 'T is warm at 's heart, it makes his heart glow with satisfaction.

146. With a proud . . . weeds, though he brought himself to put on the humble dress of a candidate, his heart beats as proudly as ever beneath it; weeds, frequent in Shakespeare for *garment*, now used only in the expression "widow's weeds," i.e. widow's mourning apparel; from A.S. *wæd*, and *wæde*, a garment.

150. deserve your loves, prove himself worthy of the love shown by you in giving him your votes.

153. flouted, jeered at; from "O. Du. *fluyten*, to play the flute, also to jeer, impose upon" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*); used by Shakespeare both transitively and intransitively.

161. aged custom, Warburton points out that consular government was less than twenty years old.

166. I have . . . you, I have no further need of you.

174. I' the . . . weal, in the commonwealth of which you are members: and now arriving, and now that he has arrived at; the preposition of motion to or from is frequently omitted in Shakespeare.

180, 1. so his . . . voices, that he was similarly bound to show consideration for you in return for the votes given by you.

182. Translate, transform.

184. had touch'd, would have acted as a touchstone to test, etc.

185. his inclination, how he was disposed towards you: pluck'd, compelled him to give.

187. As cause . . . up, whenever circumstances made it necessary to do so.

189, 90. Which easily . . . aught, which is very averse from being bound by any stipulations; article, see note on i. 9. 77.

191, 2. You should . . . unelected, you should have made his anger a pretext for refusing to elect him.

193. in free contempt, with undisguised contempt.

197, 8. or ha' . . . judgment? or why did you give him your votes in opposition to the dictates of prudence?

201. Your sued-for tongues, your voices for which other candidates are so ready to sue.

204. of that sound, speaking to that tune.

208-10. make them . . . so, allow them no greater freedom of making themselves heard than dogs that are as often beaten for barking (unnecessarily) as kept to bark (against thieves).

212. Your ignorant election, the choice you have so ignorantly made; enforce, dwell forcibly upon; lay stress on.

215. but your loves but say that your great good-will towards him.

216, 7. took . . . portance, prevented you from properly appreciating his behavior towards you; portance, carriage, bearing.

218. ungravely, with utter want of dignity.

219. After, in accordance with.

221. Throw blame upon us, saying that we strove hard, allowing nothing to hinder our purpose, to compel you to choose him; but that you must, with no other object than that you should be driven to, etc.; but is redundant, and Wright points out that its insertion is due to the preceding parenthetical clause.

229. How youngly, at what an early age. Abbott (§ 23) points out that while in Elizabethan English adjectives were freely used as adverbs, on the other hand *-ly* was occasionally added to words from which we have rejected it.

232. Ancus Marcius, fourth of the seven kings of Rome, Numa Pompilius being the second, and Tullus Hostilius the third.

236, 7. And . . . censor, the text is that given by the Cambridge Editors, except that I have followed Dyce in reading "*who was nobly nam'd so*" instead of "*nobly named so*." The passage in Plutarch which Shakespeare had in his mind is one in which he speaks of both the *ancestors* and the *descendants* of Coriolanus; and, as Pope points out, Snakespeare, not noticing this, includes among the ancestors Publius and Quintus, who lived more than three hundred, and Censorinus, who lived two hundred, years after Coriolanus. The office of Censor was regarded as the highest dignity in the state, except the dictatorship, and its duties included the registration of the citizens and their property, the care of public morals, and the administration of the finances of the state. Caius Marcius Rutilus was appointed Censor in B.C. 294 and again in B.C. 265, in which latter year he brought forward a law enacting that no one should be chosen Censor a second time, and received in consequence the surname of Censorinus.

239, 40. wrought . . . place, strove by noble deeds to make, himself a claim to a high position in the state.

242. Scaling, weighing; putting into the scale, balance.

244. sudden, hasty, rash.

246. presently, at once: drawn your number, got together a sufficient number of your fellows.

249, 50. This mutiny . . . greater, it is better that we should

at once run the risk of provoking this mutiny now than await a greater risk, which we may be sure we shall have to face.

252, 3. observe . . . anger; watch and profit by the opportunity which his anger will give.

ACT III. SCENE I.

1. made new head, got together a fresh force.

3. composition, coming to terms.

6. worn, exhausted by warfare.

7. in our ages, in our lifetime.

9. On safe-guard, under a safe-conduct; on an assurance that no harm should happen to him.

10. for, because.

15, 6. he would . . . restitution, he would pawn everything that belonged to him, all his wealth, beyond all hope of ever redeeming it.

23. prank them, dress themselves out.

24. Against . . . sufferance, beyond all that can be endured by any one with the least feeling of nobility.

29. pass'd, passed the ordeal of candidature.

30. Have I . . . voices? were the votes given to me those of children incapable of knowing their own minds?

35. What . . . offices? what is the use of your being appointed as their leaders and protectors, if you have no control over them?

36. why rule . . . teeth? why do you not prevent their snarling in this way?

38. It is . . . plot, this behavior of theirs is no mere accident, but has been plotted and planned.

40. Suffer 't and live, if you endure it you will have to live.

47. sithence, "M.E. *sithens*, with the addition of the adverbial -s to the old form *sithen*, from A.S. *siththan* . . . after that . . . a contraction from *sith than*, put for *sith dām*, after that" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): How! I inform them! what! do you suppose that I should be likely to tell them? affecting virtuous indignation.

49. to better yours, to improve upon your way of doing things.

50. Why then . . . consul? if so, I have no right to be consul.

51, 2. Let me . . . tribune, if you find me deserving as ill of the state as you do, I will consent to the disgrace of being a colleague of yours: that, *sc.* intolerance.

53. For which . . . stir, which causes the people to rise up in rebellion against your power.

54. bound, ready to go; from Icel. *ðvinn*, prepared, ready; here used figuratively.

54, 5. you must . . . spirit, you must act with much greater moderation than you now display; are out of, have missed, gone astray from.

58. abus'd, misled, deceived; literally to turn away from the proper use: set on, instigated to their present behavior: paltering, shuffling.

60. dishonor'd rub, dishonoring obstacle; dishonor'd, the passive participle employed for the termination in -ing; the figure is from the game of bowls, in which anything that diverts the course of the bowl is called a "rub."

64. My nobler friends, as for my, etc.

67, 8. Regard . . . themselves, "let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves" (Johnson).

70. The cockle of, the vile weed consisting in. In Shakespeare's time the word "Cockle" was becoming restricted to the Corn-cockle (*Lychnis githago*), but both in his time, and certainly in that of the writers before him, it was used generally for any noxious weed that grew in cornfields, and was usually connected with the Darnel and Tares.

73, 4. but that . . . beggars, except in so far as we have made it over to beggars.

78-80. Coin words . . . them, exhaust themselves in coining abusive terms against those leprous scabs by which we scorn to be infected, but at the same time have invited infection; those measles, those scabby rogues. Skeat says that measles here is not leprosy, and the origin of the word is the Du. *maselen*, originally meaning *spots*, while the M.E. *mesel*, a leper, is a word borrowed from O.F. *misel*, from Lat. *misellus*, wretched, a diminutive of *miser*, wretched.

82. of their infirmity, of like weakness with themselves.

85. patient as the midnight sleep, calm as sleep in the deep stillness of midnight.

89. this . . . minnows, this fellow who so lords it among the small fry of the mob; Triton, son of Poseidon and Amphitrite, dwelt with his father and mother in a golden palace at the bottom of the sea; and the Tritons when mentioned in poetry are represented as blowing horns at the command of Poseidon to still the waves; minnows, one of the smallest river fish in England.

90. absolute, peremptory: 'T was . . . canon, his words were such as he was not authorized to use; from, contrary to.

93. Hydra, a monster with nine heads, of which the middle one was immortal, ravaged the country of Lernæ near Argos. Hercules struck off its heads with his club; but in place of each

head cut off, two new ones grew forth. With the help of his servant Iolaus, Hercules burnt off the eight mortal heads, and buried the ninth, or immortal one, under a huge rock.

95-7. wants not . . . his? has the audacity to say that he will dam up the current of your power, and turn his muddy stream into the channel that was yours; in plain language, will arrogate to himself the powers that belong to you; in, into.

101. Let them . . . you, let them bench by your side.

101-4. You are . . . theirs, it is you who are plebeians, if such fellows as these fill the place of senators; and they *do* fill that place when, "the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate" (Malone).

108. It, such a state of things.

109. are up, assert themselves.

111, 2. May enter . . . other, may during the struggle force its way to the possession of power, and use the two contending parties as instruments of each other's destruction.

117, 8. fed . . . state, fed a disease which was certain to be fatal to the state.

120. More worthier, for the double comparative, see Abb. § 11.

121. Was . . . recompense, was not a recompense made to them by us for anything they had done (but merely a free gift).

123. Even when . . . touch'd, even when the state was in vital danger, was touched to the very center.

124. thread the gates, pass through the gates on military service.

127-30. the accusation . . . donation, while the accusation, entirely without foundation, which they have so often brought against the senate, was not likely to induce us to be of our own accord so generous.

131, 2. How shall . . . courtesy? how is this multitude, so blinded with passion, certain to interpret the kindness shown them by the senate? bisson, purblind, M.E. *bisen*, blind, purblind.

132, 3. Let deeds . . . words, let us judge of what their words would be from what their actions have been.

133-5. "We did . . . demands," they would be sure to say, "We claimed this donation; and, as the patricians knew we far outnumbered them, they granted it out of mere fear, not from any noble motive"; poll, head, then a register of heads, a list of persons; Thus, by such weak generosity.

137. which, and such weakness.

141, 2. What may . . . withal! may everything in heaven and on earth that may be sworn by give confirmation to my concluding words!

142-8. This double . . . slightness, this divided power and authority,—when one party disdains with good cause, while the other is insolent without reason; where those who have on their side high birth, rank, wisdom, can enforce no decision unless it be in accord with popular ignorance,—must necessarily omit to deal with real wants, and for the time being yield to, be content to display, vacillation and weakness: worship, literally *worship*, dignity: all, = any.

148, 9. purpose . . . purpose, all determination being thus put out of the question, it follows as a consequence that nothing pertinent to the difficulty can be done.

150-2. You that . . . on 't, "you whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our Government" (Johnson).

153, 4. and wish . . . physic, and are ready to run a risk by administering a dangerous medicine to, etc. This seems to be the only meaning if jump is genuine.

157-9. your dishonor . . . become 't, the discredit you suffer, from the inroad made upon your power, paralyzes your use of sound judgment, and robs the state of that integrity of action which ought to be an ornament to it.

161. For, in consequence of: control, limit, hamper.

165. what should . . . tribunes? what possible good can the people derive from such old fools as these tribunes? bald is used of foolish prating.

166, 7. On whom . . . bench, trusting to whom, they fail in their obedience to those higher in authority, of greater dignity.

173. ædiles, originally, as here, assistants of the tribunes, entrusted with mere ministerial duties; in later times their office was of a much higher and more extended nature, such as the superintendence of public buildings, the care of the public lands, police functions, etc.: apprehended, seized.

175. Attach, arrest: innovator, "in Shakespeare 'innovation' is not only change, but change for the worse" (Wright).

177. to thine answer, to pay the penalty of your, etc.

178. surety him, be sureties for his appearance at the proper season: hands off, remove your hands from my shoulder.

181. respect, moderation of language and action.

190. Confusion's near, in a moment everything will be in a state of utter ruin.

190, 1. You . . . people! you are nice fellows to be tribunes to the people!

194. at point to lose, on the very point of losing.

206. which yet . . . ranges, which so far stands in orderly arrangement, as contrasted with heaps and piles of ruin.

208. stand to, assert and maintain.
213. the rock Tarpeian, part of the Capitoline hill, so called from Tarpeia, daughter of Sp. Tarpeius, the governor of the Roman citadel, who was bribed by the Sabines to open its gates to them, and being crushed to death by them as they entered, was buried there.
220. cold, deliberate, passionless.
231. All . . . else, otherwise everything will be ruined.
233. Shall it . . . that, do you wish matters to come to a mere question of strength?
236. You cannot tent yourself, you cannot cure yourself by probing; see note on i. 9. 31.
239. litter'd, a term properly applied to animals only: so in the next line, calv'd not only imputes to the populace that they are mere animals but animals of a most timid nature.
242. One . . . another, another time will make up to us for the present.
244. Take up, meet, cope with.
245. odds beyond arithmetic, the odds against us are beyond all calculation.
248. the tag, the rabble; cp. *J. C. i. 2, 260*, "If the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiss him." A *tag* is properly a point of metal at the end of a lace, thence in the phrase *tag-rag* the meaning is appendage and shred. A further form is *tag-rag-and-bobtail*, where *bobtail* means the short, bunchy tail of a cur.
249. interrupted waters, waters whose course has been dammed up; o'erbear, sweep away.
250. to bear, *i.e.* on their current; vessels, etc.
251. wit, good sense: be in request, is likely to be appreciated.
252. patch'd, mended.
256. for, in order to gain.
257. His . . . mouth, that which he feels he must give utterance to.
259. does, *sc.* he does; for this ellipsis of the nominative, see *Abb. § 399*.
262. What, the vengeance, why, curse it! Here it is the obstinacy of Coriolanus that Menenius is especially angry at.
265. Be every man himself, arrogate all power to himself.
- 268-70. And therefore . . . naught, and therefore law shall scorn to give him any further trial than the utmost rigor which can be exercised by that power of the people which he so despises and defies.
275. cry havoc, to cry havoc was, in battle, to give the signal for general slaughter: the origin of the word *havoc* is uncer-

tain ; some authorities deriving it from A.S. *hafoc*, a hawk ; others, from W. *havoc*, destruction.

276. With modest warrant, with justifiable moderation.

286. *peremptory*, firmly resolved ; *dispatch*, put an end to ; literally to dispose of speedily ; from O.F. *despecher*, to hasten, send away speedily.

288. our danger, a danger to us.

292, 3. is enroll'd . . . book, is recorded in heaven : *dam*, usually as here, of the mother of animals, but in reality nothing more than the F. *dame*, lady.

297. Mortal . . . off, which it would be fatal to cut off.

302. to lose . . . country, if it were to be shed by, etc.

304. A brand, a mark of infamy by which we should be branded : *clean kam*, literally wholly crooked.

305. Merely awry, utterly away from the point ; *awry*, *i.e.* *on wry*, on the twist.

306-8. The service . . . was, if this speech, which Warburton would give to Sicinius, belongs to Menenius, it must be ironical ; and mean, when a limb becomes mortified, we of course cease to think of the good service it has rendered us in former days ; *gangren'd*, an eating sore.

310. his infection, the disease with which he is infected.

313. The harm . . . swiftness, the harm that results from unconsidered haste ; to *scan* is literally to climb, to ascend point by point, then to count the measures in a poem, to scrutinize.

315. parties, factions : as he is beloved, he being so beloved.

317. What . . . talk ? what is the use of talking.

322. bolted, carefully considered ; literally, sifted.

326. to 's utmost peril, the most dangerous charges that can be brought against him.

328, 9. and the end . . . beginning, the consequence will be something upon which it is now impossible to calculate.

334. In our first way, as we at first intended to do.

SCENE II.

1. pull . . . ears, the figure is that of pulling down a building upon some one, as Samson pulled down the temple of Gaza upon the Philistines.

2. the wheel, an instrument of torture in which the body of the victim was bound on a wheel which was then rapidly whirled round : at wild horses' heels, a barbarous method of execution in which the limbs of a man were attached to two riots which were then driven in different directions, thus ing the body asunder.

6. thus, as unyielding as before.

7. muse, wonder.

8. approve me further, more cordially sympathize with my behavior towards the people: wont, accustomed; past participle *M. E. wenen*, to dwell, be accustomed to.

9. woollen vassals, coarse-clad-slaves; vassals, literally dependants; according to Skeat, of a Celtic origin, Bret. *gwaz*, a servant; Latinized in Low Latin as *vassallus*.

10. groats, fourpenny pieces: to show bare heads, to stand uncovered.

17, 8. I would . . . out, I should have wished that you had become accustomed to your power before you used it so roughly as to ruin it; the figure is that of putting on a garment and quickly wearing it out by rough usage: Let go, never mind.

20, 1. lesser . . . dispositions, your inclinations would have met with less opposition.

26. mend it, mend matters; it, used indefinitely.

26, 8. There's no . . . perish, there is no cure for what has happened, unless you call this a cure that, by our acting differently our city should go to ruin.

29-31. I have . . . vantage, my heart is not more easily impressed (by fear) than yours, but my brain teaches me when I give way to anger to turn it to better account.

32-4. Before . . . state, rather than that he should so lower himself as to make terms with the populace, if it were not that the desperate state of affairs urgently calls upon him to do so for the general welfare: violent fit o' the time, paroxysm of madness from which the time is suffering.

39. absolute, peremptory, positive.

40, 1. Though . . . speak, though, except when circumstances of the most critical nature forcibly urge conciliation, the firmer you are, the greater is your honor; speak, make itself heard in calling out for something.

42. policy, stratagem, craft.

43. grow together, flourish hand in hand.

43-5. tell me . . . there, tell me how in time of peace either can be so injured by combination with the other as to make it necessary to keep them apart: A good demand, a very pertinent question.

47. The same . . . not, something different from what you really are.

47, 8. which . . . policy, a line of action that in order best to secure your object you adopt as your policy: less or worse, less honorable or baser.

49. it, *sc.* policy.

53. not . . . instruction, not according to any dictates of your own conscience.

55. *roted*, learnt by rote; *rote*, from "O. F. *rote*, Mod. F. *route*, a road, way, beaten track . . . Hence *by rote* = along a beaten track, or with constant repetition" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

64, 5. I am . . . nobles, in this matter you must look upon me as standing for your wife, etc.

66-9. And you . . . ruin, and you obstinately prefer to show our rabble how terribly you can frown than to flatter them in such small degree as will be sufficient to win their love and ensure safety to that which without their love is likely to be utterly ruined.

70-2. you may . . . *past*, by doing so you may not only cure what is dangerous in the present, but also make up for the reverse already sustained; *Not*, followed by *but*, in the sense of *not only*.

74. And thus . . . it, and having stretched out your hand, with your cap in it, in this way; here she indicates the manner by a gesture. Grant White explains having stretch'd it as having stretched his disposition: here be with them, at this point salute them with a courteous gesture, a sweeping bow.

75. *bussing*, kissing, *i.e.* lightly touching; the word had not in former days the idea of coarse familiarity which it now implies.

77-80. *waving* . . . them, courteously bowing your head to them, and, by doing this repeatedly, correcting your stubborn heart, which by this time will have become as soft as a mulberry, so ripe that it will not bear handling,—say to them, etc.

88, 9. For they . . . *purpose*, for they are just as ready to pardon a wrong as to talk after their usual foolish manner.

91. in, into.

93-5. 'tis fit . . . *absence*, it will be well either to take with you a strong party of your friends, or to seek safety in moderation of language, or by absenting yourself from the scene.

99. *unbarbed sconce*, unprotected head, bare head; *sconce* is used in Shakespeare in three different senses, first for head, as here; second, for a rounded fort; third, for what protects or covers the head, a cap or hood.

102. *this single plot*, his body.

105, 6. You have . . . *life*, you have forced me now to undertake a part which I shall never perform with any natural grace.

113. Which . . . *drum*, which has been used to sound in harmony with, etc.; *quire*, a band of singers, is only another

spelling of *choir*, from Lat. *chorus*, a dance in a ring, a band of dancers and singers.

116. Tent, may the smiles encamp: take up, occupy.

117. The glasses . . . sight, my eye-balls.

119. Who, this personification of an irrational antecedent occurs constantly ; see Abb. § 264 : stirrup, properly *sty-rope*, a rope to climb by.

121. surcease, cease ; the substantive *surcease* is from the F. *sursis*, the past participle of *surseoir*, to pause, intermit.

125-7. Come . . . stoutness, though utter ruin be the consequence, let the worst come that can come ; let me rather bend beneath your unyielding pride than stoop to any fear of the dangers which your stubbornness may bring down upon us.

132. mountebank their loves, cajole them out of their good-will ; a *mountebank* is one who mounts on a bench to hawk his goods.

133. Cog . . . them, cheat them out of their affection.

143. by invention, with any crimes they may invent.

144. In mine honor, according to what my honor dictates.

SCENE III.

1. charge him home, press him so strongly that he will not be able to escape : affects, aims at.

3. Enforce . . . people, lay stress upon the hatred he bears to the people ; envy, malice.

9. procur'd, made sure of by canvassing.

10. Set . . . poll, registered man by man.

11. by tribes, the Roman plebs were divided by Servius Tullus into thirty tribes, four for the city, and twenty-six for the country around Rome.

12. presently, at once, without delay.

14. I' the right . . . commons,' as the rights and powers of the commons dictate.

17. prerogative, right, privilege ; the Latin adjective from which the word comes was used of the tribe that was first called upon (by lot) to give its vote in the elections.

18. And power . . . cause, and the might which the justice of our cause gives us.

26, 7. to have . . . contradiction, to have his full allowance of contradiction ; to be allowed to contradict as he pleases.

29, 30. which looks . . . neck, which is likely, with what we shall do, to bring him to his death.

32. ostler, groom ; originally the keeper of a hostelry, or inn, then the servant who takes care of the horses at an inn : for the poorest piece, for any trifle of money.

33. will bear . . . volume, will endure abuse (*i.e.* being called knave) to any extent.

36. Throng . . . peace, fill our temples with crowds of citizens peacefully celebrating some glorious event.

43. Must . . . here? may I take it for granted that I shall not again be called upon for my defence? determine, come to an end.

45. Allow their officers, acknowledge the authority of us who have been chosen by the people as their representatives and guardians.

46. censure, sentence, and here = condemnation.

50, 1. which show . . . churchyard, which bear testimony to his valor as tombstones in the churchyard to the virtues of those beneath them.

51, 2. Scratches . . . only, here, as before; Marcius is irritated at the idea of his brave deeds being trumpeted forth.

57. Rather . . . you, rather than such as show ill-will towards you.

59. with full voice, with general assent.

64. all season'd office, such official control as has been tempered by time and use.

67. your promise, remember the promise you made us.

68. fold-in, envelop, wrap as with a garment.

72. both numbers, the twenty thousand and the millions.

73. free, unreserved, outspoken.

75. the rock, *sc.* Tarpeian.

79. stokes, physical force.

80. even this, this alone, without any further acts.

83. What . . . service, what business has a fellow like you to be chattering of service?

85. You? with intense scorn; you, a fellow who has never dealt a blow in war, do *you* think you have a right to talk on such a subject as my services?

87. I'll . . . further, I'll listen to no more remonstrances.

89. Vagabond exile, banishment which involves wandering about on the face of the earth: pent to linger, a sentence which means my being immured in prison to drag out a weary existence.

92, 3. Nor check . . . morrow, nor put restraint upon my freedom of speech for anything they can grant, even if it was to be had for merely saying 'Good morning': For that, because.

95. Envied . . . people, shown hatred by railing against the people.

96. as now at last, as finally he has just now.

97. not, not merely.

101. banish . . . city, "verbs of ablation, such as 'bar,'

'banish,' 'forbid,' often omit the preposition before the place or inanimate object" (Abb. § 198).

102. In peril of precipitation, at the risk, if he should dare to show his face in Rome, of being flung down.

114. 5. her womb's . . . loins, *i.e.* my children.

117. but, except that.

120. You common . . . curs, you pack of worthless hounds.

123. my air, the air I breathe; I banish you, it is not you who banish me, but I who, by quitting Rome, banish you.

124. And here remain, and do you here remain; as though he had condemned them to remain.

129. which finds . . . feels, which can be stung into perception only by bitter suffering.

131. Still, ever.

132. Abated, humbled; crushed into a state of abject humility.

134. For you, on your account, you being a part of it.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

2. butts me away, pushes me out; as a goat butts at its enemies.

7-9. fortune's blows . . . cunning, when the blows of misfortune strike us with most deadly force, it is then that to bear them with calmness demands the exercise of the noblest wisdom; a confusion of construction due to change of thought; cunning, = skill, knowledge. The word originally meant nothing more than *knowing*, from A.S. *cunnan*, to know.

14. the red pestilence, "three different kinds of the plague-sore are mentioned by the physicians of the time; the red, the yellow, and the black" (Schmidt).

18. labors, the twelve labors imposed by Eurystheus upon Hercules when bidden by the Pythian oracle to serve that monarch in atonement for having killed his own sons in a fit of madness.

22. 3. Thy tears . . . eyes, *i.e.* it is harder for you to have to weep than for a younger man; sometime, former.

26. fond, foolish; as very frequently in Shakespeare.

30, 1. that his . . . seen, who, from the fact of his hiding himself away in his marshy retreat, is more feared and talked of than if he showed himself more frequently. Marcius means that by going into banishment, he, far from being forgotten and despised, will be more talked of and more feared than if he were to be seen daily in the city.

32, 3. Will or exceed . . . practice, will show himself something more than an ordinary man, unless he falls a prey to

crafty wiles and plots; cautelous, the Lat. *cantela*, diminutive of *cautio* (originally a law term meaning a caution, security), indicates the pettiness of the caution which degenerates into suspicion, and so into shiftiness: practice, plot, stratagem, underhand contrivance.

33. My first son, noblest and most eminent of men.

36. 7. More than . . . thee, more definite than that of recklessly exposing yourself to every mischance that may suddenly show itself in your path; exposure is not elsewhere met with, and many editors follow Rowe in reading *exposure*; chance, in a bad sense.

40. 1. if the time . . . repeal, if circumstances should suddenly give us an opportunity for recalling you; we shall not send, we shall not be sending, shall not have to send.

49. friends of noble touch, friends whose nobleness has been tested and proved; an allusion to the touchstone used in testing the precious metals.

53. 4. That's . . . hear, and that manner of your life is as noble as words can express.

SCENE II.

2. whom we . . . sided, a confusion of constructions between 'who we see have sided,' and 'whom we see sided.'

11. the hoarded . . . gods, such plagues as the gods have hoarded up to inflict on those that deserve their special vengeance.

13. If that . . . hear, if tears did not hinder my speech, you should, etc.

16. mankind, Sicinius uses the word in the sense of masculine, violent, ferocious, a sense in which it was applied to wild beasts also; Volumnia takes it in the more natural sense of belonging to the human race.

17. Note . . . fool, just listen to this idiot.

18. foxship. The ordinary attribute of the fox, cunning, is from the speaker's point of view quite applicable.

23. Nay . . . too, but no, I have changed my mind, and you shall stay to hear what I have to say.

28. Good man, . . . Rome! to think of the services which he, noble man that he is, has rendered to his country!

31. 2. and not . . . made, and had not undone the noble work he had done by his behavior to the commons.

37. get you gone, be off with you as fast as you can. An idiom; that is to say, a peculiar form of expression, the principle of which cannot be carried out beyond the particular instance.

43. baited, worried, as wild animals are worried; *bait* is the causal of *bite*.

47. unclog, disencumber, free.

48. to 't, near it: You have . . . home, your words have pierced their thick hides.

52, 3. and lament . . . Juno-like, and let your grief be expressed in anger such as that to which I, Juno-like, give vent; Juno, the imperious wife of Jupiter.

SCENE III.

4, 5. my services . . . 'em, my services, like yours, are now directed against my countrymen.

8, 9. but your . . . tongue, your identity is proved by your voice; appeared, made to appear; favor, appearance, used by Shakespeare both of the face and of the figure.

16. in the heat . . . division, while the dissensions among them are still in a blaze.

21. This lies glowing, the fire of their discord is still alive, and ready to blaze up.

26. The day . . . now, now is the opportunity for them (*sc.* the Volscians).

31. He cannot choose, he (*sc.* Aufidius) cannot help appearing to advantage now.

37, 8. the centurions . . . entertainment, the centurions and those under them, at the various quarters assigned to them, being already enrolled; centurions, men in command of a century, or company of a hundred men; distinctly, separately; billeted, literally provided with the billet or ticket which ensured them quarters in the house to which they were told off; entertainment, in this military sense.

SCENE IV.

3. 'fore my wars, in the presence of the wars I have made; when confronting us in the battles I have fought in Corioli.

6. puny battle, such as it would be a disgrace to fall in: Save you, a courteous form of salutation shortened from 'God save you.'

8. lies, dwells.

12. O world, . . . turns! O world, how sudden are your vicissitudes, how quickly men pass from one thing to another! Warburton remarks, "This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome."

22. And . . . issues, "allow their children to intermarry" (Wright).

23. my love's upon, my love is given to.

SCENE V.

1. What service is here, what lazy fellows are they that are in attendance here?

5. goodly, imposing in appearance: smells well, is appetizing.

12. companions, scurvy fellows; as frequently in Shakespeare.

23. avoid, get out of.

31. Follow . . . bits, follow your usual vocation, that of feasting on scraps from your master's table.

32. will not, *sc.* take yourself off.

36. canopy, Egyptian bed with mosquito curtains, from a Gk. word meaning a gnat, mosquito.

40. I' the city . . . crows, in the open air.

42. daws, chattering fellows; the jackdaw, magpie, etc., being regarded as types of empty talkativeness.

45. Thou . . . and pratest, you are only wasting your time in chattering in this way: serve . . . trencher, serve in the food on your dish, do that which you are paid for; trencher, properly a wooden plate for cutting things on, from F. *trencher*, to cut.

47, 8. but for . . . within, if I had not been afraid of disturbing, etc.

58, 9. though . . . vessel, though your attire is so wretched, your looks are noble.

68-70. a good . . . bear me, which may well put you in mind, and stand in attestation of, the hatred you are bound to feel towards me; memory, memorial.

71. envy, hatred.

76. out of hope, owing to any hope.

80. To be full quit, with the object of fully revenging myself.

82. A heart of wreak, a heart animated by resentment.

83, 4. maims Of shame, dishonoring losses; the losses constituting the shame.

90. to prove . . . tired, you are too weary to make trial of further hazards; to further risk what fortune may have in store for you.

97. but to thy shame, except with the result of shame to you.

105. My grained ash, the hard-grained staff of my lance;

ash, being a very tough wood, is much employed for the handles of tools, as it was of old for those of weapons.

106. clip, embrace ; as frequently in Shakespeare.

107. the anvil of my sword, which has been to my sword what the anvil is to the iron that is hammered and shaped on it.

115. Bestride my threshold, step over my hreshold when first entering it as her home. Steevens points out that a Roman bride, on her entry to her husband's house, was lifted over the threshold, lest she should even touch it with her foot.

116-8. Once more does not mean that he had done so before, but that he was once more to make the attempt, and either succed in it or perish; target, a diminutive of *large*, a shield; brawn, muscle, hence muscular arm ; out, thoroughly.

119. several, distinct, different.

124. to Rome, against Rome.

144. Yet . . . much, and yet it was no slight enmity I bore you.

157. simply, in a word : rarest, most wonderful.

162. Nay, . . . that, it does not matter whom I mean ; I am not going to say whom I mean.

164. neither, used by Shakespeare after a negative expressed or implied, where we should say *either*.

172, 3. I had . . . man, I would just as soon be a man condemned to death ; had as lieve, should hold as dear ; lieve, A.S. *leof*, *liof*, dear, pleasing.

180, 1. Come . . . him, come, as fellow-servants and good friends we may say among ourselves what we really think ; and so I do not hesitate to admit that Marcius was always more than a match for our master. The Second Servant, who a short while before had asserted that Aufidius was worth six of Marcius, now that he finds which way the wind is blowing, and that he need not be afraid of being betrayed to his master, turns round and admits that after all his master was no match for Marcius.

182, 3. directly, without ambiguity: to say . . . on't, to speak the truth about it.

183. scotch'd, to *scotch* is to cut with narrow incisions ; the notion, says Skeat, being taken from the slight cut inflicted by a *scutcher*, or riding whip.

184. carbonado, a piece of meat cut crossways for broiling, a rasher ; the word, which is originally Spanish, means nothing more than meat broiled, from Spanish *carbon*, charcoal.

189-91. no questions . . . him, so far from venturing to show any doubt in their welcome by putting questions to him, the senators stand bareheaded in his presence.

191, 2. makes . . . him, treats him with the devotion he would show to the woman he loved.

192. sanctifies . . . hand, "considers the touch of his hand as holy" (Malone).

192, 3. turns up . . . discourse, listens with rapt attention to everything he says.

193. the bottom, the conclusion and most important part.

195, 6. by the . . . table, all the nobles present voting him an equal share in the command with Aufidius, and entreating him to accept the offer; by the entreaty and grant, what grammarians call the figure *hysteron proteron*, the latter part before the former part, 'the cart before the horse,' as we say colloquially.

196, 7. sow! . . . ears, to seize a swine by the ear.

198. passage, way to Rome: polled, swept clear before him; literally cropped, shaven.

204. directitude, Malone conjectures that the servant means *discredit*.

207. in blood, with his blood up for the fight, full of spirit; burrows, holes in which to shelter themselves; the term applied to the holes of rabbits: merely a variation of *borough*.

208. conies, rabbits: revel . . . him, take part with him in all the wild delight of slaughter.

210. presently, immediately.

211-3. 't is . . . lips, the execution of this business is, so to speak, but an incident in their feast, and a thing to be finished off before they rise from the table.

215, 6. This peace . . . ballad-makers, the only result of this peace is, that swords grow rusty, tailors become more plentiful (men having time to pay attention to their dress), and that, for want of better occupation, numbers turn ballad-makers.

218, 9. it's sprightly . . . vent, the writer in the *Ed. Rev.* in the number for Oct. 1872, defends the reading of the folios, *sprightly walking*, and interprets full of vent as a metaphor from hunting. "Vent," he says, "is a technical term in hunting to express the scenting of the game by the hounds employed in the chase . . . when the hound vents anything, he pauses to verify the scent, and then full of excitement, strains in the leash to be after the game that is thus perceived to be afoot. To strain at the lyam or leash 'upon good vent' is in Shakespeare's phrase to be 'full of vent,' or in other words keenly excited, full of pluck and courage, of throbbing energy and impetuous desire, in a word, full of all the kindling stir and commotion of anticipated conflict." At present *mulled* is generally used of wine boiled with sugar and spices. But this modern sense Skeat says is due to a total loss of the original sense of the word. "The older term is *mulled ale*, a corruption of *muld-ale* or *mold-ale*, literally a funeral ale or banquet . . .

Cp. Lowland Scotch *mulde-mete*, literally mould-meat, a funeral banquet."

222. The wars . . . money, I am all for war, in favor of war.

223. as cheap, held in no more estimation ; They, Aufidius and his guests.

224. In . . . in, we must attend to our duties, not be found talking here.

SCENE VI.

2-4. His remedies . . . hurry, in the present peaceful state of things the efforts of his friends to remedy his misfortunes, which were a short time ago so vigorously made, have been entirely dropped : His, used objectively, not the remedies he would apply to the state of things, but the remedies which his friends endeavored to apply on his behalf.

5. Blush . . . well, ashamed to find that things go well without his help ; the world, Rome, the *orbis terrarum* in the opinion of the Romans.

7. Dissentious . . . streets, gangs of mutinous fellows filling the streets and interrupting all business.

9. friendly, adverb, in a friendly way.

10. We stood . . . time, it is lucky we made our stand when we did ; it, used indefinitely.

11. kind, courteous, friendly.

13. but with, except by.

32. affecting . . . throne, aiming at individual despotism.

33. Without assistants, without assistants, associates ; the abstract for the concrete.

34. by this, *sc.* time : to all our lamentation, to the bitter grief of us all.

39. Reports, who reports.

41. the deepest . . . war, the fiercest cruelty that war can display ; *i.e.* sparing nobody and nothing.

45. inshell'd, like the horns of a snail.

53. your information, again the abstract for the concrete.

62-3. and more . . . deliver'd, and more reports, and those of a more terrible character, have been brought in.

67. as between, as that which is between.

72. atone, be made one, be reconciled ; from *at* and *one*.

80. made good work, brought about a pretty state of affairs.

82. the city leads, the lead with which the roofs of your houses are covered. Shakespeare is of course thinking of English houses.

83. to your noses, before your very faces.

85. in their cement, as they stand strongly held together by their mortar.

86. Your franchises . . . stood, those privileges of yours about which you made such a fuss, on exercising which you insisted so strongly.

86-7. confined . . . bore, narrowed down to nothing; an *auger's bore*, the small hole which an *auger* (awl) would make; *auger*, a corruption of *nauger*, like *adder*, properly *naddere*, *umpire*, properly *numpire*, the initial *n*- being absorbed by the indefinite article.

96. your apron-men, your wretched mechanics.

96-8. that stood . . . garlic-eaters, who attached so much importance to the opinions and demands of artisans and the rabble who delight in such stinking food as garlic.

100. Did . . . fruit, an allusion to the plucking of the fruit in the garden of the Hesperides, guarded by a dragon—the eleventh labor imposed upon Hercules by Eurystheus.

103. Do smilingly revolt, are only too glad to revolt: who resist, any who resist.

104. 5. Are mock'd . . . fools, are merely jeered at for their stupid display of bravery, and rewarded for their foolish constancy by being slaughtered.

109. for shame, on account of shame.

111. for, as regards.

112. they charged, they would, in so doing, be urging.

117. You have . . . hands, you have made a nice business.

118. have crafted fair, have shown a fine ingenuity; with a play upon the word *craft* in the sense of occupation, industry.

119, 20. such as . . . help, more incapable of being cured than any trembling ever was.

122. your clusters, your rabble who thronged the city in mutiny.

124. They'll . . . again, so they will shout, though in a different key, when he returns a triumphant conqueror of themselves.

131. hooting at, in the act of expressing your delight by hooting

134. cockcombs, literally the tuft on the head of a cock, and hence used ludicrously or contemptuously for head.

143-5, and though . . . will, if these words in which the citizen labors to excuse himself are not intended to be merely self-contradictory, they may mean "though at the instigation of the tribunes we readily gave our assent to his banishment, we were persuaded to do so contrary to our inclinations."

147. cry, pack: Shall 's, *i.e.* us for *we*.

150. side, party.

SCENE VII.

3, 4. Your soldiers . . . end, instead of saying grace before and after meat, they have no words but of him

5. you are darken'd, your reputation is eclipsed.

7, 8. Unless, . . . design, except by resorting to measures which would cripple our purpose.

11. In that's no changeling, is but consistent; a changeling is a child who has been substituted in the cradle by fairies, or witches, for another child.

13. I mean . . . particular, I mean as far as your individual good is concerned.

18. his account, the account which, sooner or later, he will have to render of his conduct.

26. our account, the reckoning which will have to be made between us.

28. sits down, *i.e.* to besiege them.

32. in the repeal, in recalling him home.

34, 5. who takes it . . . nature, who captures it by the imperious fascination with which nature has endowed him. A reference to the fabulous power attributed to the osprey of fascinating the fish on which it preys. Of course the power attributed is nothing more than an exaggeration of the swiftness and ease with which the bird takes its prey.

37. Carry . . . even, wear his honors with moderation.

38, 9. Which . . . man, pride, with which men of uninterrupted good fortune are always tainted.

41, 2. or whether . . . thing, or whether it was his stubborn nature that was incapable of changing itself.

42, 3. not moving . . . cushion, his nature which, so used to war, could not adapt itself to peaceful matters; the casque, or helmet, symbolical of war; the cushion, of civil administration.

44. austerity and garb, a hendiadys for austere garb, the austere fashion of doing things which the necessity of stern discipline in war had taught him.

46, 7. As he . . . him, for he has touches of all these failings, though I may admit that they are but touches, not the weaknesses fully developed.

48. So . . . banish'd, the consequence of his being feared was that before long he became hated, the consequence of his being hated was that before long he was driven into exile.

48, 9. but . . . utterance, he has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by publishing it, putting it forth.

49, 50. So our . . . time, our virtues depend (for their efficacy) upon the manner in which we interpret, and adapt ourselves to, surrounding circumstances.

51-3. And power . . . done, if the reading is genuine here, the meaning probably is, and power (*i.e.* a man in high position) however much it may consider itself deserving of praise, has no such certain grave of its reputation as a chair from which it pronounces its own eulogy.

55. Rights . . . fail, rights give way to other and better rights; power, however great, has to yield when it meets greater power.

ACT V. SCENE I.

3. In a . . . particular, with a special affection; particular, personal relation.

5, 6. knee . . . mercy, make your way on your knees to his heart; coy'd, showed himself reluctant; disdained.

11, 2. Coriolanus . . . to, when addressed as 'Coriolanus,' he would not acknowledge that title as belonging to him: forbade all names, forbade us to call him by any name.

25, 6. He could not . . . chaff, he could not pause to pick them out from among a heap of such miserable wretches as the people in general; noisome, troublesome, offensive.

37. More than . . . make, more than any army we could get together in so sudden an emergency.

46-7. after . . . well, proportioned to your good intentions.

52. pout . . . morning, look at everything in a fretful mood, with a jaundiced eye: unapt, disinclined. These reflections come appositely from one who has described himself as Menenius does in ii. 1.

56, 7. watch . . . request, wait for the moment when he will be in the mood to listen to my request.

61. Speed how it will, whatever the result may be; ~~the~~ original sense of the substantive *speed* is *success*.

62. success, see note on i. 1. 250.

63. does sit in gold, sits enthroned in awful majesty.

64, 5. his injury . . . pity, his sense of wrong done him chaining up his mercy.

67-9. what he . . . conditions, he sent in writing after I had been dismissed a statement of what he would do, and what he would not do; he being bound by an oath to fulfil the terms on which he had made alliance with the Volscians.

SCENE II.

8. Good my friends, for this transposition. see Abb. § 13.

10. it is . . . blanks, lots must be taken to mean those papers in a lottery which awarded a prize, as opposed to blanks, blank papers, which awarded nothing.

12, 3. the virtue . . . passable, your name does not serve as a passport.

14. lover, dear friend ; formerly frequent in this sense.

16. haply amplified, possibly exaggerated.

18, 9. with all . . . suffer, so far as was possible without lapsing into untruth.

20. subtle, slippery ; literally fine, slender, then insinuating, sly, morally slippery.

21. I've . . . throw, have shot beyond the mark ; the throw, the distance which the bowl should have been bowled.

22. Have . . . leasing, " have almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current " (Malone).

29. always . . . general, who in all matters took the side of, etc.

30. Howsoever . . . liar, whatever lies you may have told on his behalf ; or Howsoever may = although.

31. telling . . . him, serving under him and speaking the truth.

39. in a . . . ignorance, in a paroxysm of popular stupidity.

40. your shield, him who was to you what the shield is to the body : to front, to confront.

41. the virginal . . . daughters, the hands of your young maidens held up in supplication.

42. palsied, tremulous ; *palsy*, a contraction of the F. *paralysie* : decayed dotant, feeble old dotard.

46. out of, beyond the possibility of.

48. estimation, esteem, respect.

53. 4. the utmost . . . having, all you will get out of me.

59. a Jack guardant, a Jack-in-office ; the old man's retort for "decayed dotant," Jack being used for a saucy boy, and with an allusion to the heraldic term "guardant": office me, keep me by your officiousness from, etc.

60. by my . . . him, by the way in which you will see him receive me.

61. standest . . . hanging, are not in a fair way to being hanged.

62. more . . . spectatorship, which will afford the lookers-on a prolonged enjoyment of your agony.

64. 5. sit . . . prosperity, constantly deliberate in what way your happiness above all men may be increased ; synod, convocation, assembly.

68. hardly moved, with difficulty induced.

72. the dregs, what is left of it being sufficient for the punishment of such a contemptible fellow : varlet, formerly a groom, then any low fellow ; an older spelling, says Skeat, was *vaslet*, a diminutive of O. F. *vassal*.

77-9. though . . . breasts, though the revenge I seek is

peculiarly my own, any mercy I may show depends upon the will of the Volscians.

79-81. That we . . . much, the remembrance of our having once been friends shall be allowed to perish of ingratitude and forgetfulness rather than the closeness of such friendship be borne in mind by pity.

83. for, since.

92. shent, A.S. *scendan*, *scyndan*, O. Du. *schenden*, O. H. G. *scendan*, *scentan*, from *schande*, disgrace, revile.

97. by himself, by his own act.

98, 9. be that . . . age! I cannot wish you any worse fate than that you should long continue what you are.

SCENE III.

3. how plainly, with what a straightforward loyalty to the Volscians.

11. godded, idolized, worshipped as a god.

15. cannot now accept, *i.e.* from very pride.

29. Of stronger earth, of more inflexible nature.

30. Olympus, the eastern part of the chain of mountains which formed the southern boundary of ancient Greece, and the fabled residence of the gods.

35. to obey instinct, as to yield to mere natural feelings.

39, 40. The sorrow . . . so, Virgilia, affecting to take his words literally, replies, it is only that we are so changed by sorrow that you do not see us as you once did.

43. tyranny, cruelty.

46. the jealous . . . heaven, "*i.e.* by Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy" (Johnson).

47, 8. and my true . . . since, and since then my loyal lips have known no kiss from other lip; it, used indefinitely.

51, 2. Of thy . . . sons, give stronger evidence of your deep sense of duty than ordinary sons would do; with a play upon deep and impression.

54-6. and improperly . . . parent, and, contrary to all notions of what is proper, let me make dutiful obeisance to you, as though the submission of children to parents was an inversion of the natural order of things.

58. hungry, sterile, unprolific.

59. Fillip, "to strike with the finger nail, when jerked from under the thumb . . . an easier form of *filp*, which arose from *filp*, by the shifting of *l*" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

61, 2. Murdering . . . work, making what cannot be, the easiest thing in the world.

64. *Publicola*, Publius Valerius, surnamed *Publicola* from the services he rendered to the people, took an active part in the expulsion of the Tarquins, and was three times consul.

65. The moon of Rome, the *Diana* (goddess of chastity) among Roman women. It is to her that Plutarch ascribes the idea of the ladies' intercession with *Coriolanus*.

71, 2. *inform* . . . nobleness, shape your thoughts in all nobleness.

73. *stick*, stand out firmly.

74, 5. *Like* . . . *flaw*, like some conspicuous mark at sea firm against every blast, and a refuge for all who can discern you in their distress.

75. *sirrah*, generally, but not always, used in a peremptory or contemptuous manner.

80, 1. The things . . . *denials*, you can never regard me as refusing to you the things which I have bound myself by an oath not to grant.

82. *capitulate*, enter into negotiations; literally to divide into chapters, arrange under headings; now used only in the sense of surrendering.

86. Your colder reasons, your more temperate arguments.

94, 5. *our raiment* . . . *life*, the state of our raiment and the condition of our bodies would show plainly what kind of life, etc. Wright points out that *bewray* "although used almost interchangeably with 'betray,' differs from it in not necessarily involving the idea of treachery." The greater part of this speech is taken almost word for word from Plutarch.

104. *capital*, fatal, destructive.

111-3. *We must* . . . *win*, calamity must plainly be ours, even if our wish were gratified as to which side should be victorious.

114. a foreign recreant, no longer a Roman; recreant, originally the present participle of the F. verb *recevoir*, to believe again, to alter one's faith.

115. *manacles*, strictly speaking, fetters for the hands; thorough, *through*, lengthened for the sake of the meter.

117. *bear the palm*, ironical for, be notorious instead of famous.

120. *determine*, come to an end; in this sense used chiefly in legal phraseology.

122. the end, the object of it (*sc.* *Corioli*), viz. the destruction of Rome.

126, 7. to keep . . . *time*, to hand down your name to future times: *A'*, he; so sometimes *'am* for them.

129, 30. Not of . . . *see*, to avoid yielding to womanly tenderness, one ought never to see the face of woman or child.

132-5. If it were . . . *honor*, if our prayer to you to save the

Romans involved your destroying the Volscians, whose servant you now are, you might condemn us as asking something which would be a deathblow to your honor.

139. Give . . . thee, greet you with acclamations of honor such as are addressed to kings.

146. he wiped it out, blotted out his title to be called noble.

149. Thou hast . . . honor, it has ever been your aim to show yourself animated by the most chivalrous impulses.

151-3. To tear . . . oak, like them to thunder in tones which should strike terror into every heart, and yet, like them, in mercy to let the lightning of your wrath fall with but sparing destruction. In charge the figure is that of loading a cannon, the sulphur which accompanied Jove's thunderbolts answering to the gunpowder which propels the cannon-ball.

160. the stocks, a contrivance for punishing vagrants and petty offenders, consisting of two blocks of wood, one above the other, working on a hinge, with the lower edge of the upper block and the upper edge of the lower block cut away so as to admit the legs of the offender, which were then confined by the end opposite to the hinge being fastened by a padlock. These stocks were to be seen in every village of England not very many years ago.

165. not so, not unjust.

167. That thou . . . belongs, that you do not show me that dutiful submission which a son ought to show to his mother.

171. an end, here we will make an end of our supplications.

178. to, for.

179. So, this child which bears his name, owes to accident, not to real paternity, the likeness he bears to him: dispatch, permission to return.

186. to Rome, for Rome, as far as Rome is concerned.

188. 9. Most . . . to him, the victory you have gained over him, is one that will be most dangerous, if not fatal, to him.

190. true wars, war in which the objects of the Volscians shall be faithfully kept in view.

191. convenient, suitable.

194. withal, *sc.* by her entreaties.

196. to sweat compassion, to shed tears of pity.

199. Stand to me, support me against all complaints that may be made by your fellow-countrymen.

202. Ay, by and by, yes, very shortly; in answer to some request made by the ladies.

204. A better witness, stronger evidence, *sc.* in a formal agreement drawn up on paper.

SCENE IV.

1. coign, corner, from F. *coing*, a corner, Lat. *cuneus*, a wedge.

8. condition, nature.

15. Than an . . . horse, *sc.* remembers his dam: tartness, acidity, sour looks; A.S. *teart*, sharp, severe.

19. state, chair of state.

24. in the character, in his true character; for the, denoting notoriety, see Abb. § 92.

27. long of you, along of you, owing to you.

34. hale . . . down, are dragging him first in one direction, then in another; hale, the older form of *haul*, from A.S. *holian*, to acquire, get.

38. are dislodg'd, have broken up their encampment.

40. not the . . . Tarquins, not even that on which the Tarquins were expelled.

44. blown tide, tide swollen by the wind; the arch making it more boisterous by its restraint.

45. the recomforted, those who by hearing the news have had fresh comfort given them.

46. sack-buts, "a kind of wind-instrument . . . The sack-but resembled the modern trombone . . . the word is used to translate the Heb. *sabbeká*, Lat. *sambuca*, which was a stringed instrument" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): psalteries, a kind of stringed instrument . . . — O. F. *psalterie*, = Lat. *psalterium* — a recollection no doubt of *Daniel*, iii. 7, "That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sack-but, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music," etc.

47. cymbals, brazen disks, held one in each hand and clashed together.

48. Make the sun dance, make the very sun rejoice with us.

SCENE V.

1. the life of Rome, to whom Rome owes its life.

4. Unshout . . . Marcius, cancel the shouts with which you banished Marcius by still louder ones in his honor.

5. Repeal . . . mother, by the welcome you give to his mother proclaim his recall.

SCENE VI.

5. Him I accuse, he whom I accuse; Him put for *he* by attraction to *whom* understood.

6. by this, *sc.* time.

8. To purge himself, to clear himself of all charges to be brought against him.

13, 4. If you do . . . parties, if you still adhere to that purpose in which you desired our co-operation.

16. We must . . . people, our action must be guided by the temper in which we find the citizens.

18. 'Twixt . . . difference, there is a dispute between you and Coriolanus.

20, 1. And my . . . construction, and I can easily put a plausible construction upon my pretext for ruining him: pawn'd, pledged.

25. bow'd his nature, humbled himself.

27. stoutness, stubbornness.

35, 6. served . . . person, helped by my own personal service to carry out his designs.

37. which he . . . his, which he garnered up for himself. Wright has shown that to end was the technical term for getting in and housing a crop, and that it is probably a corruption of to *inn* used in that sense.

40, 1. He wag'd . . . mercenary, he treated me as one whose services could be bought and were well paid for by patronizing looks.

43. had carried, had virtually captured: and that, and when that.

44, 5. There was . . . him, that is the very matter for which I will use my utmost efforts to destroy him.

46. At a few . . . rheum, for a few tears.

47, 8. he sold . . . action, he bartered away all the lives we had lost and all the labors we had undergone in our great enterprise.

49. And I'll . . . fall, and in his downfall will regain my former standing.

50. like a post, with no more ceremony than attends a messenger bringing news.

54. at your vantage, when a chance offers.

57. second, assist: along, stretched out a corpse.

58, 9. After your . . . body, the story of his behavior, told as you tell it, will be the grave of the reasons he may plead, as the earth will be the grave of his body.

64. What faults he made, we now say to *commit* a fault, to *make* a mistake.

65. Might . . . fines, might have escaped with but slight punishment.

65-9. but there . . . excuse, but nothing can palliate the fact of his having brought our enterprise to an end at the very point where it should have begun in earnest (*i.e.* by the capture of Rome), and of his having thrown away the whole ad-

vantage gained by the raising of our army, giving us for our only recompense the burden of the outlay, and making peace at the very moment when our enemies were ready to offer their submission.

71. your soldier, still at your command.

78. a full . . . part, the expenses being paid, with a surplus of as much as a third of the amount.

83, 4 what . . . on, the terms of our treaty.

93. certain drops of salt, a few bitter tears.

94. I say "your city," *sc.* since, but for his perfidy, it would be yours.

96. twist, a few threads twisted together.

96, 7. never . . . war, never allowing the advice of any one as to how the war should be managed: at his nurse's tears, the moment his mother began to weep; nurse's, used contemptuously.

106, 7. Your judgments . . . lie, I must trust to your decision to brand this coward as a liar: notion, understanding.

108, 9. Who wears . . . grave, who still bears on his body the marks of my blows, and must carry to his grave the disgrace of being cudged by me.

114. 't is there, it is written there.

116. Flutter'd, caused the hearts of your Volscians to flutter with fear like timid doves: your, contemptuously.

118, 9. Will you . . . braggart, will you suffer yourselves to be reminded by this accursed boaster of his undeserved good fortune and your disgrace?

121. presently, at once.

127. judicious, here apparently = judicial.

128. the peace, *sc.* which would otherwise prevail.

129. his tribe, the whole of his race.

133. valor, all brave men.

138. Which this . . . you, which, while this man lived, would sooner or later have fallen upon you.

140-2. I'll deliver . . . censure, I will prove my loyalty to you, or submit to any sentence you may be pleased to pass upon me.

144, 5. that ever . . . urn, "this allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style [*i.e.* titles] of the deceased" (Steevens); urn, grave.

145, 6. His own . . . blame, Coriolanus's own violence in a great measure excuses Aufidius's deed.

151. Trail . . . pikes, in following the corpse of a soldier to the grave the pikes were trailed, drawn along the ground, just

as nowadays the rifle of the private and the sword of the officer are carried reversed.

152. unchilded, made childless.

154. memory, memorial.

STAGE DIRECTION. A dead march, the music played at the funeral of a soldier.

EXAMINATION PAPER.

A.

1. Give an outline or a short account of the play.
2. Point out the admirable qualities of Coriolanus.
3. Sketch the relations of the patricians to the plebeians at this time.
4. State by whom, of whom, or to whom, and on what occasions, these lines were uttered : —
 - (a) He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares.
 - (b) And, were I anything but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.
 - (c) A very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience.
 - (d) One that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't.
 - (e) He had rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than one on 's ears to hear 't.
5. Explain and annotate these words and phrases :
The helms o' the state; good; participate; ruth; quarry; demerits; Cambric; 'larum; pound; contagion of the south; murrain; doit; drachma; doublet; vaward; fusty; caparison; articulate; potch.
6. Give some examples from this play of Shakespeare's anachronisms.
7. Quote from this play several noteworthy lines.

B.

1. Give your view of Menenius. Note the points of resemblance and of difference between him and Coriolanus.
2. What authority had the Tribunes at this time in Rome?
3. Trace the growth of their power.
4. Give the gist of Cominius's speech upon the exploits of Coriolanus.
5. What use in this play did Shakespeare make of "Plutarch's Lives"?
6. In what spirit did Coriolanus make his suit to the people?
7. Quote the passage in *Macbeth* of which

"I am half through :

The one part suffer'd, th' other will I do,"

reminds you ?

8. Explain and annotate these words and phrases : —
*Napless vesture of humility; lockram; rapture;
 lurch'd all swords of the garland; attend; still;
 Hob and Dick; rub; sithence; bound; cockle;
 measles; 'Twas from the canon; worship; tag; clean
 kam; awry; vassals; sconce; ostler; cog.*
9. Give instances of words in this play whose meaning has changed since Shakespeare's day.
10. Give the classical allusions in this play.
11. Who were the ædiles?

C.

1. Give the points of strength and the points of weakness in the character of Volumnia.

2. Wherein, if at all, does Virgilia resemble her mother-in-law ?
3. Was Coriolanus a true patriot ? If not, wherein not ?
4. What can you say of Aufidius ?
5. What of the dialogue between the servants of Aufidius ?
6. What is the difference between the *nomen*, the *prænomen*, and the *agnomen* ? Illustrate, in the name of the hero of the play.

D.

1. Explain and annotate these words and phrases : —
Parasite; butts me away; baited; puling; canopy; clip; maims; vent; sowl; coxcomb; subtle; leasing; varlet; fillip; determine; stocks; coign; sack-but; rheum; salt.
2. Give any notable imagery in the play.
3. In what spirit does Coriolanus, in the last Scene, repeat the word *boy* ?
4. What do you think of the interview between Coriolanus and his mother outside the gates of Rome ?
5. Quote the memorable passages in their dialogue.
6. How does this play compare with *Julius Cæsar* ?
7. Where are its scenes laid ?
8. What period of Roman history is covered by the action of the play ?
9. What characters in the play are almost wholly Shakespeare's creation ?
10. Is Shakespeare unjust to the plebeians ?

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